The Outlook

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The New President of France

The Premier of France, Raymond Poincaré, has been elected President of the Republic. The National Assembly, despite the fierce campaign which has been waged against the Premier, needed to take only two ballots to complete the election, and indeed on the first ballot M. Poincaré fell short only six votes of the choice. The actual figures for the second ballot were 483 for M. Poincaré and 296 for M. Jules Pams. An exciting incident of the election was a misunderstanding between M. Poincaré and M. Clemenceau, which for a time threatened to result in a duel. Throughout the brief contest for the Presidency the Premier has been recognized abroad as well as in France as far the strongest of the candidates suggested. The opposition would not have been even as strong as it actually was but for the not altogether creditable method in which the Premier's enemies tried to use against him a scheme of making him responsible for the restoration to the army of Lieutenant-Colonel du Paty de Clam, who was so notorious in the Dreyfus case. Happily the scheme entirely failed. M. Pams, the principal opposing candidate, made a bitterly personal campaign, charging his rival with being an abuser of personal power and a political "superman." M. Poincaré is a lawyer, a financier of great ability and experience, a writer on public questions, and in his brief career as head of the present French Cabinet he has strengthened the position of the Government and won praise for his courage, his honesty, and his ability. He is fifty-two years of age, and has filled the posts of Minister of Public Instruction, Minister of Finance, and for a second time that of Minister of Public Instruction. Several times other Cabinet portfolios have been offered him, and in 1899 he was asked to form a Cabinet of his own selection, but declined the opportunity. His occupancy of the first and highest position in France below that of President dates from January 13, 1912, so that his promotion to the Presidency comes within three or four days of an exact year after he became Premier.

The Home Rule Bill Passes

The House of Commons on Thursday of last week passed the Irish Home Rule Bill through its third reading and final stage by a majority of 110. This event was expected and was foreshadowed by the recent spirited debate chronicled in The Outlook last week. Altogether the debate over this great measure has lasted for nearly two months. Under the present Parliament Act the bill goes immediately to the House of Lords, which will, beyond question, promptly reject the measure. It then goes back to the Commons. In order to become a law, despite its rejection by the House of Lords, it must now be twice passed by the Commons in two successive sessions, and within two years. It may then become the law of Great Britain without any regard to the action or wish of the House of Lords. The final passage of the bill through the House of Commons was marked by scenes of enthusiasm, and also by jeering on the part of its opponents. The leader of the opposition, Mr. Bonar Law, and Mr. Augustine Birrell on behalf of the Government, closed the long debate. Mr. Bonar Law again talked darkly about the possibilities of rebellion in Ulster, and did what in this country we sometimes call "playing to the galleries," in solemnly declaring that if a hundred men were shot down in the streets of Belfast a thousand would be ready to take their places, and the responsibility of the shooting would be with the Government. Mr. Birrell, who, it will be remembered, is Chief Secretary for Ireland, said that the Nationalist movement in that country was, and had been for years,

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"the soul of Ireland;" and that the present methods of Irish government were impossible and ridiculous. Mr. Balfour's final motion to reject the bill was defeated by the large vote of 368 to 258, and thereupon an exciting scene of cheering and congratulations broke out among the ranks of the Irish Nationalists. Mr. Asquith, the Prime Minister, and John Redmond, the Irish leader, were cheered loudly and continuously. Outside the House a popular demonstration of joy took place, although it was met with counter-demonstrations of "booing" and groaning. The bill as it stands establishes an Irish Parliament, with a Senate and Lower House, and gives that Parliament power to legislate for the peace, order, and good government of the country. Several important matters, however, are excluded from the control of the Irish Parliament; namely, those relating to the Crown and Imperial affairs, to the army and navy, to the Irish constabulary, to the customs receipts, to land purchase, and to old age pensions, national insurance, and post-office savings banks; while the bill contains provisions intended to secure religious equality. The Senate will consist of 40 members; the Lower House of 164; and the latter are to be chosen by constituencies which have a population of not less than 27,000; proportional representation in the largest of these constituencies was inserted by way of amendment to the original bill.

Last Week's Presidential Election

Last week the forty-eight States of the United States of America elected a President of the Federal Union. Yet no one seemed to be particularly interested in it! The reports occupied about a column in the daily papers—sometimes not even a column. The Electors formally elected Woodrow Wilson, Governor of New Jersey, to the Presidency, and Thomas Riley Marshall, Governor of Indiana, to the Vice-Presidency of the United States, the electoral vote being as follows:

Wilson and Marshall (Dem.)..	435	votes
Roosevelt and Johnson (Prog.)	88	"
Taft and Butler (Rep.).....	8	"
	531	"

The word "Butler" in the above may cause some querying; it is explained by the fact that in the two States—Utah and Vermont—that voted for William Howard Taft for President, casting four votes each, Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, New York City, was voted for as Vice-President, having been named by the Republican National Committee to succeed the late James Schoolcraft Sherman on the Republican ticket. Returns prepared by the electors were forwarded by mail to Washington to the President *pro tempore* of the Senate. Another set of these returns will be brought in person by an elector or other messenger, chosen from each State. The returns will be canvassed on February 12 in joint session of the Senate and the House. Governor Wilson will then be formally proclaimed President. It is announced that the messenger from Utah is to be a woman, Mrs. Margaret Jane Wichter. Among the interesting "turn-overs" in various States were those in Pennsylvania and Ohio. In Pennsylvania, for the first time in more than fifty years, the electoral vote of the State went to a candidate other than the regular Republican candidate; in Ohio, for the first time in sixty years, a solid electoral vote was registered for the Democratic ticket.

Three Speeches by the President-Elect

Since the election the President-elect has made three important speeches. One of these was on his birthday, December 28, at his birthplace, Staunton, Virginia. The second was before the Commercial Club of Chicago on January 11. The third was at Trenton, New Jersey, before the New Jersey Electors, on January 13. These three speeches bear a close relation to one another. They may be said to form together a statement of Mr. Wilson's attitude toward the great questions of business and commerce with which the Government of the United States must deal. The Staunton speech, on which The Outlook has already commented, was a statement of the principle that one is entitled to reward only as one renders service, and the application of that principle to the relations between business and Government to-day. The Chicago speech was a statement of the principle that the very existence of business depends upon confidence, and the application of that principle in a practical way by an exhortation to business men to deserve and win the confidence of the people. The Trenton speech was a statement of the principle that those who are called upon to serve the people must go in the direction in which the people are going, and that therefore as a representative of the people he was committed to the cause of

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progress, and that as President he would "pick out progressives, and only progressives." These speeches were not, and did not purport to be, announcements of what definite actions Mr. Wilson would take as President. No one has the right to demand that the President-elect should make any such announcements. It is highly wise that the President-elect—who is not, as a candidate is, called upon to state as definitely what he proposes to do—should not talk about what he is going to do, but wait until his acts can speak for themselves. These speeches, however, do reveal, to use Mr. Wilson's own phrase, a "state of mind." Basing his views upon that fundamental conviction that service is the only ground for reward, he interprets the present attitude of the country toward business as one of suspicion. "Business conditions," he said at Chicago, "are not trusted by the people as a whole," and he expressed the wish that he might be able to remove this suspicion, "to take the sternness out of this country." The change witnessed in the last few months and revealed in the last election he declared to be not a political change but a change in the way of thinking. And in his New Jersey speech he expressed the belief that men in the Democratic party who had not hitherto shown any inclination toward the new way of thinking were "beginning to yield their judgment to the common judgment of the Nation." For these speeches Mr. Wilson has been criticised by newspapers that supported him for election. Such newspapers seem to think that he ought not to be casting any doubt upon conditions as they prevail in this country. Mr. Wilson, however, has discovered, and has openly recognized, that the office to which he has been chosen is, among other things, a pulpit. No congregation is any the worse for the fact that the preacher talks plainly about moral conditions and points plainly the way for an improvement in moral purpose and spirit. In this respect the American people, as they listen to the words of a President or President-elect, are like any other congregation. As a member of the President-elect's congregation The Outlook is glad that he has preached this sermon.

The Conviction of Judge Archbald

The scene in the United States Senate when that body, in impeachment proceedings, convicted Judge Robert W. Archbald, of the Commerce Court, on charges of high crimes and misdemeanors, is described as one of solemnity almost unprecedented in the history of the Senate. Beyond doubt the Senators had a deep sense of responsibility, and they acted with dignity, with grief that their condemnation of a Federal Judge was imperative, and with the belief that the sentiment of the Nation required a just example to be made for the maintenance of judicial integrity and as a blow at judicial corruption. Historically, cases of impeachment under the Constitution have been few; of the nine impeachments, including that just ended, five have been of Federal Judges, one of them (as far back as 1805) of an Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court. In only two cases of the eight which have preceded the Archbald case have convictions been obtained: that of Judge Pickering, who was removed in 1804, and that of Judge Humphreys, who was removed in 1862. Neither of these men actually appeared for trial—the first was insane, the second had joined the Southern Confederacy. The two most famous instances of impeachment in our history, those of President Johnson and Secretary Belknap, not only resulted in acquittal, but, partly because of the political aspects, left a general impression that impeachment was an arduous, unsatisfactory, and doubtful mode of procedure. The result last week may have done something to remove this impression; at least it shows that the Senate may punish wrong-doing without quibbling as to close interpretation of the Constitution where the facts manifestly indicate wrong intentions.

The Nature of Judge Archbald's Offense

Judge Archbald's defense throughout was not a denial of the facts alleged, nor even the assertion that they were right from the moral point of view; rather he urged the theory that these acts, because they were not such as would justify conviction in a criminal court, were not wrong-doing of the kind that the makers of the Constitution had in mind as constituting "high crimes and misdemeanors." There were thirteen charges brought against Judge Archbald in the articles of impeachment adopted last July by the House of Representatives, which is charged by the Constitution with initiating such proceedings, while the Senate is to act as a trial court. The matter was taken up by the Senate on July 15, but the trial went over until the beginning of last

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month. The degree of certainty of proof differed greatly in the thirteen different charges; and as a natural result the vote of the Senate varied greatly. Actual conviction was obtained only on five counts. The vote on the first count was the strongest, namely, 68–5; while of the eight counts on which acquittal was voted, the strongest in favor of Judge Archbald was the tenth, which alleged that he accepted wrongfully and unlawfully five hundred dollars for a trip to Europe; here there was actually only one vote for conviction. The first and the thirteenth of the articles were the most important, and will indicate the general nature of the charges. Briefly stated, the first article charged that Judge Archbald had used his influence over the Erie Railroad, which was at the time a litigant before the Commerce Court, of which Judge Archbald was a member, in order to induce a certain subsidiary coal company of the Erie to sell to Judge Archbald and others associated with him, at a price not at all commensurate with its real value, the Katydid culm dump. The other articles on which conviction was obtained embodied similar charges of improper use of his influence as a judge in obtaining commercial advantages from railways which had reason to fear that influence or hoped for advantage from it. The final count was a sort of summing up of the whole case in that it stated that Judge Archbald had sought to obtain credit from and through persons interested in suits in his court; that he had carried on a general business in culm dumps for "speculation and profit" while a judge, and had unlawfully influenced railway officials. The Senate was unanimous in applying to Judge Archbald the penalty of removal from office; but was fairly evenly divided (39–35) in declaring him disqualified forever for any office of honor, trust, or profit under the United States Government. The substantial opinion of the Senate, as indicated by its action in detail and at large, is very well expressed by Senator Root's explanation of his vote:

> I have voted that the respondent is guilty under Articles 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, and 13, because I find he used the power and influence of his office as Judge of the Court of Commerce to secure favors of money value for himself and his friends from railroad companies, some of which were litigants in his court, and all of which were, under the regulations of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, subject to the review of the Court of Commerce.
>
> I consider this course of conduct, and each instance of it, to be a high crime and misdemeanor. I have voted not guilty upon the other articles, because, while most of them involved improper conduct, I do not consider that the acts proved are high crimes and misdemeanors.

Impeachment: Advantages and Disadvantages

A public discussion has followed the conviction of Judge Archbald, turning upon the point of its effect on the current proposals for the recall of judges. The discussion is futile, inasmuch as few, if any, advocates of the recall of judges desire to abolish the process of impeachment, or deny that under fit circumstances it is a useful and practical safeguard. Despite the stern application in this case, however, various disadvantages of the proceeding have forced themselves on attention. One commentator protests, for instance, against the long period during which the Senate's activities have been occupied in their capacity as a court while all other public matters have practically been at a standstill so far as the Senate is concerned. The suggestion has been made, also, that the impeachment of a judge should go before a court of judges rather than of politicians. The general feeling seems to be that, if it becomes necessary to deal frequently with corrupt judges, trial by Senate would become unworkable. On one matter, however, there has been substantial agreement by press and people: Congress has in this instance shown itself sternly and unshrinkingly opposed to the degradation of the judicial function by even indirect corruption. Its action has been reasonably prompt, commendably vigorous, and without fear or favor. It is no disparaging comment, moreover, to say that in this action Congress has recognized the growing determination on the part of the people to expose and punish the evil of that "invisible government" which has tended more and more of late years toward a criminal conspiracy between dishonest commercialism and faltering or unscrupulous courts. If there are other Federal Judges who, like Judge Archbald, believe that no conduct short of the sale of specific decisions for cash is punishable, their moral blindness will be enlightened and their conception of what is unbecoming and reprehensible in a judge will be enlarged.

Sky-Scrapers

We are used to being told by foreign critics that Americans are a people solely devoted to "the almighty dollar," that we have no time in this country

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to consider anything but the material facts of life, that American cities are mere jumbles of money-making devices. It is almost dangerously flattering, therefore, to find European visitors now and then who take a directly opposite view. The distinguished Italian historian and essayist, Guglielmo Ferrero, for instance, is one of the foreign critics who find something besides a mere material commercialism in American life. In a recent issue of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," one of the most influential of French periodicals, he gives expression to his views about America in a highly original and suggestive fashion. His article is in the form of a report of an imaginary conversation taking place on board a South American steamship among a group of Brazilians and Italians familiar with the capitals of Europe, especially Paris. One of the Italians asserts that New York is one of the most beautiful cities in the world, and declares that many of the younger generation of Brazilians agree with him. A lady at the table, beautiful of course, and unknown—who turns out later to be, although European in her language, manner, and tastes, a rich New Yorker—protests with horror that New York is totally lacking in "harmony and proportion." The Italian replies—and doubtless Ferrero takes this opportunity to express his own views—in the following language:

> Of course New York is a perfect Babel of architecture. You will find in it something of Asia and something of Europe, something of Paganism and something of Christianity, thirty centuries separated into their elements and fused again into a new mass according to the caprice of a spirit that is fantastic, ironical, delirious, sublime. As for me, it is precisely for this reason that I profoundly admire New York. "Harmony and proportion" are the æsthetic standards of a dying civilization. Life, like New York, is harsh, rugged, unequal, and violent. The European loses his head in this fiery nebula, and that is natural, since he comes from an extinct world. He asks himself with alarm: "Where am I? In Greece, in Paris, in Nuremberg, in Bagdad, at the beginning of the twentieth century, in the Norman epoch, or under the reign of the Pharaohs? In a real city, or in an astral city built on the planet Mars by beings created differently from us—more intelligent and more powerful?"

Further on in the article, employing a metaphor not quite so happy as that invented by Israel Zangwill, who has called the United States "a melting-pot" in which various Old-World races are being fused into a new one, Ferrero describes New York as a great digestive organ which receives as its food the elements discarded by the rest of the world and out of them, by the chemistry of nature, produces a pure blood which nourishes a continent. The sky-scraping architecture of New York he thinks is one of the hopeful manifestations of this vital process. Another European visitor, Madame Yokef, a journalist of Vienna, has recently expressed her views of the sky-scraper in an interview in the New York "Times." She also regards them as being genuine expressions of a virile civilization. Among other things, she said to her interviewer:

> I had heard of your American "sky-scrapers," but I have always been informed that they were ugly and gross, defying all laws of beauty and architecture. I must admit that your buildings do not belong to any school of architecture with which the Old World is familiar, but I refuse to condemn them as ugly or as monstrosities. I think that your virile builders have established a new school of architecture, that they are creators and not copyists.

Both these European critics from different points of view are expressing a universal truth—that beauty is an essential element of the fitness of things, and so is an essential element of virility, efficiency, and practical service.

A Notable Art Collection

It is an achievement of which Americans have a right to be proud that in less than half a century there has been created in New York City the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which ranks with half a score of the great museums of the world. No one man has done more to accomplish this result than John Pierpont Morgan, who has given to it, not only his money, but his personal service. His latest contribution is a remarkable loan collection, which was opened to the public January 14. We do not recall any single loan collection comparable to it, in the variety and excellence of the masters represented, except the one opened to the public at the time of the Hudson-Fulton celebration. That was almost exclusively Dutch; this represents various schools. That was contributed to by a variety of art collectors; this contains only pictures belonging to Mr. Morgan. The most noteworthy, at least the one most talked about by the press, is a large Raphael, said by art critics to be "considered the most important picture ever brought to this country." It is an altar-piece, and its size and reputation make it the most marked feature in the exhibition. But it does not show

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Raphael at his best. A Rembrandt; two Rubenses, one notably beautiful and quite free from the sensuousness which characterizes much of Rubens's work; a fine life-size, full-length portrait by Lawrence; two Gainsboroughs, two Raeburns, and one charming portrait of a little girl by an unknown artist, are among the features of a remarkable collection. It is reported by the press that Mr. Morgan is prepared to present the collection to the Metropolitan Museum if the city will provide additional room for it. If this is true, there ought to be no delay in securing the money for that purpose, either by appropriation or by private gift.

An Old Artist and His Work

M. Degas, one of the most venerable of contemporary artists, has attained great fame, but is still living five flights up in the Montmartre quarter of Paris. His pictures have evidently not brought him a fortune. Yet the other day one of them sold for nearly eighty-five thousand dollars. When the artist himself sold it, he obtained ninety-seven dollars for it. When a painter, during his days of necessity and obscurity, has parted with one of his canvases for a small sum, and then, years after the artist's death, the picture has commanded a great price, the wish has often been expressed that the painter might have lived to see the increase in the commercial value of his work. But M. Degas has lived to see such increase, and a contrast is sharply brought out between a painter still far from affluence, and his work now the property of the very affluent. It is said that, when the latest sale of one of his pictures was made, M. Degas commented on the curious fact that "the good taste of the original buyer should bring so vast a reward to his heirs, while there was no reward for the genius of the artist." The incident has served to revive an old agitation in France, namely, the endeavor to pass legislation to insure to painters and sculptors some share in the profits made upon their works during their lives and for fifty years after their death. Specifically, it is proposed to levy a tax of two per cent upon the price of a work of art whenever it changes hands at a public sale, the proceeds to be given to the artist or his heirs. This is a step in the right direction, but evidently the time should be limited, as with literary copyright and patents. The percentage is not large, it is true, but it is better to have a small percentage than to have the presumable evasion of a larger at private sales. It is possible that the bill could be amended so as more adequately to provide for the increment in value by placing the rate upon a rising scale. Be that as it may, the proposal is deservedly receiving support in other countries as well as in France.

The Final Stages of the Panama Canal

As the time approaches when the promise of this country to open to all the world a canal between the Atlantic and the Pacific will be fulfilled, public curiosity increases as to the exact time of that completion. The latest statements indicate that it is as nearly certain as anything can be that the original date for the formal opening of the Canal to traffic—namely, January 1, 1915—will not be postponed; and it is entirely probable that the time will be brought considerably nearer. Water is to be turned into the Canal the coming summer, probably by August; and it is expected that within a month or two of that time ships will be taken through the Canal for experimental purposes. This leaves what seems to the layman a long time to elapse between the turning on of the water and the opening of the Canal to traffic. But there is very much to be done during that time, and Colonel Goethals and his assistant engineers believe it to be absolutely essential that everything in connection with the Canal should be thoroughly tested over and over again before its regular business of conveying ships for commercial purposes is undertaken. One recent writer states that almost ninety-five per cent of the work is actually done, but the remaining five per cent involves very careful and slow labor. One matter that will be carefully watched is the question of earth-slides. It was known from the beginning that there was a probability of such displacement of earth. Nothing that has occurred of this kind has in the slightest degree destroyed the complete faith of the engineers in the success of the Canal. There have been two kinds of slides: one, usually called the gravity slide, in which the earth simply slides down from the top of the walls into the part excavated. This kind of earth-slide merely entails a certain amount of work in digging. Another kind of slide is from the surface of the embankment downward; such a slide may push the interior strata of dirt or rock downward, onward, and finally upward

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in such a way as to cause the bottom of the cut excavated to be forced upward. This is a difficult matter to deal with, but not one which presents insuperable difficulties to modern engineering methods. It is because of such problems that it is impossible to fix exact dates for the finishing of the Canal; but, as already said, there is every reason to believe that its completion and readiness for actual business will not at the utmost be delayed beyond the first day of the year 1915.

An Ancient Canal Project to be Completed

As far back as 1670 the proposal was made to cut a canal through Cape Cod; but it is now probable that the Panama Canal will be completed before the ancient plans of the first promoters of the Cape Cod Canal bear fruition. Nevertheless, a good deal of headway has been made by the present constructors; and it is certain that at some time in the near future a sixty-eight-mile water passage between Cape Cod Bay and Buzzards Bay will aid American commerce, and will be useful also in the saving of life and property; for the number of wrecks which take place on the Cape Cod coast is an important element in the problem. The plans and diagrams published in a recent number of the "Engineering News" show that the work of excavation has already advanced very materially. The work is being carried on by a private company, and it had been hoped to have the canal completed in 1912; but apparently two or three years more of work will be necessary. The value of such a canal through this neck of land is shown by the fact that vessels whose total tonnage amounts to twenty-five million tons go around Cape Cod annually, while one half million passengers are carried over this course each year. The distance between New York and Boston by the nearest route will be shortened by sixty-six miles, and a notable item of saving also will be in lessening the rate of insurance paid upon vessels. A record of Cape Cod wrecks for the twenty-six years ending in 1869 shows that during that time fourteen hundred and forty-four wrecks occurred, with an average loss of five thousand dollars.

Air and Water Fliers

Air flying is now united with what is rather paradoxically called water flying. The last word in water flying bears the queer name of "hydroaerobus." The newest and most remarkable example of this air and water flier, built by Gilbert Voisin, is described in the magazine called "Flying" as having a two hundred horse-power motor and as carrying seven passengers. Many experiments in this direction are being made at the United States station near Annapolis, and Captain Chambers, who is in charge of the general subject of naval aviation, declares that it is one of the most promising fields of development and that war-ships will more and more be provided with aeroplanes of this description. Curiously enough, one of the objections urged is that flying over water entails a serious risk of contracting colds and bronchial troubles. Several types of hydroplanes are being tried out by our navy, and one of the most satisfactory recent tests was the launching of such a flying boat from what is called a navy catapult, a device for launching aeroplanes from ships. The same number of "Flying" that contains an account of these interesting naval experiments gives a beautiful pictorial representation of the great dirigible balloon "Hansa," which it calls the German Dreadnought of the air, as photographed in its late cruise from Gotha to Leipzig. This great military air vessel can remain in the air forty hours, can travel forty miles an hour, and can land on the water. It carries long range and magazine guns, and two tons of military equipment. Still another interesting illustration showing the application to war purposes of the advanced type of the aeroplane represents a Bulgarian army officer in such an air-ship holding in his hand ready to drop a bomb of a special type having propeller blades to steady its descent. Military use has been made of the flying-machines in the war in the Near East, but accounts differ widely as to the actual results achieved. The Vienna papers state that Austria has ordered seventy aeroplanes—a striking confirmation of the military belief in the new war-engine.

How New York Took Care of the Uranium's Steerage Passengers

Six hundred dazed and weary foreign-born steerage passengers of the steamship Uranium, which had gone ashore on the rocky coast near Halifax on the previous Sunday, reached New York City on Wednesday and Thursday of last week. They were protected from a swarm of runners, swindlers,

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and confidence men who had flocked to Forty-second Street expecting a rich and easy harvest. This work of the United States immigration authorities, the North American Civic League for Immigrants, and the other immigrant betterment organizations of New York City was a sociological achievement of which New York's welfare workers will long be proud. It is worth while to record the description sent us by an eye-witness, both as a picturesque story and because people should know the kind of work that these associations are doing. The immigrants had passed the regular United States immigration medical examination at the Canadian border. The first train, with one hundred and seventy passengers on board, reached the Grand Central at about half-past eight o'clock on Wednesday night. Three United States immigration inspectors, fourteen guides of the North American Civic League for Immigrants, and numerous representatives of the Hebrew Sheltering and Immigrant Aid Society, the Russian Home in Fourteenth Street, and the Polish Home in Second Avenue, had been waiting in the train-shed since five o'clock that morning. The immigrants were Hebrews, Russians, and Poles chiefly. The Hebrews carried many bundles and wicker boxes, while the Russians and Poles, one of whose racial characteristics is to "travel light," mostly brought their few possessions in their pockets or in colored handkerchiefs. Under the direction of the manager of the Immigration Guide and Transfer, the one hundred and seventy steerage passengers were divided into three groups, according to their races. One reason for this was that the friends of the Russian and Polish immigrants, through another queer racial characteristic, seldom meet them when they arrive in this country, while the friends of the newly arriving immigrant Hebrews come in numbers to the stations or piers. While the immigration authorities had waited all day around the depot, they had been followed about by crowds of anxious friends of the steerage passengers for news as to the hour of the train's arrival and as to the identity of those on board. Manager Butterfield, of the Immigrant Guide and Transfer, in each of these cases had directed his subordinates to take the names of the friends. As soon as an immigrant on the special train recognized a friend through the gate of the platform, he was allowed to go away in the latter's company.

Taking Care of the Helpless

A good example of what would have happened to the helpless and bewildered immigrants if they had not been met either by friends or philanthropic organizations occurred when Manager Butterfield himself was escorting four Russians, who had arrived on the first train, across the Grand Central concourse, about nine o'clock on Wednesday night. Mr. Butterfield had been looking out for sharpers all evening; and, sure enough, a breathless young man, with broad shoulders and a prognathous jaw, dashed up. "Hey, there," the breathless young man shouted, "one of your guides has just been knocked down and is being beaten by a gang in the Subway. You'd better hurry up and help him." Mr. Butterfield, however, knew that all the young man wanted was to entice him away so that a confederate could lead the four helpless and ignorant immigrants to some dive and rob them. He told the young man to try his game on some one else. After each of the immigrants who were met by friends had been sent off happily, those who had no friends and, if turned loose in the city at night, would have fallen victims to the big town's agencies for evil, were distributed among the different immigrant protective organizations for care overnight. Those who were left, numbering fifty-nine, were taken by the North American Civic League for Immigrants to the League's downtown office on Broad Street. It was ten o'clock at night when this last contingent left the Grand Central, and the immigrants were naturally hungry, so, before putting them to bed, the agents of the League took them to a Broad Street restaurant, where big steaming plates of soup and all the bread and butter and coffee they wanted were given to them. After this they were taken to the Hungarian Home in Pearl Street and the Austrian Home in Broad Street for the night. In the morning the guides of the League took all the immigrants to the addresses of their New York friends, or to the various railway stations and put them safely aboard trains for their out-of-town destinations, and then went and met the second train-load of immigrants, which arrived at the Grand Central Thursday noon. Among all the six hundred immigrants who arrived on these trains there was not a single case of illness, nor was a single one allowed to fall into the hands of sharpers. Curiously enough, according to the immi-

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grant authorities who took care of them, not one of the immigrants was heard to express thanks. They were, apparently, too bewildered or too unused to our ways.

THE IDAHO CASE

If the editors of the Providence "Journal" had been imprisoned for commenting adversely on the political decisions of a court in the State of Rhode Island, at a time when one of the judges of that court was seeking a re-election, and for publishing in the "Journal" an adverse criticism of the decision which was also widely published all over the country, the Eastern papers would have printed the astounding fact on their front page with great headlines, and most of them would have accompanied it with editorials aflame with indignation.

Exactly this has happened in Idaho. The editors of the "Evening Capital News," of Boise City, in Idaho, have been sentenced in contempt proceedings to a five-hundred-dollar fine each and to ten days' imprisonment for editorial criticism of a political decision of the Supreme Court of that State. But Idaho is a long way from the Atlantic coast. And the imprisonment of the editors has had little more than a paragraph mention in most of our Eastern newspapers. We purpose here to give our readers the story of this extraordinary case and our judgment upon it.

Under the primary law of Idaho candidates of political parties which cast ten per cent of the vote of the State at the previous election must be nominated in direct primaries. Organizations of voters which did not cast ten per cent at the previous election may nominate by convention on the same day on which the primary election is held, which last year (1912) was July 30. In addition, candidates for "public offices" may be nominated by petition, provided a certain number of voters, designated by the law, sign the petition. The number designated differs according as the office is a State, District, or County office. On the 30th of last July the Progressive party could not take part in the direct primary, nor could it nominate by convention, because it was not then in existence, and, of course, had cast no votes in the previous election. It therefore proceeded to nominate by petition. Thereupon an injunction suit was brought to prevent the Presidential electors nominated by petition from being put upon the ticket. The Supreme Court of Idaho granted the injunction. The result of this decision was to prevent the Progressive party from putting its candidates for Presidential electors before the voters of that State in any printed ballot. The only way a Progressive could vote for electors of his choice was by writing in their names. Even so, over 25,000 votes were cast for the Progressive electors.

The Supreme Court of the United States has held that the courts have a right from the necessary *effect* of an action to judge what was the *purpose* of the action. The people and the press have the same right. It is not, therefore, unjust to affirm that the purpose of the Supreme Court was to make it as difficult as possible for any Progressive vote to be cast for Presidential electors in the State of Idaho.

This decision was the more extraordinary because the same Court had previously decided that the words State, County, and District, when prefixed to the word office as used in the statute, do not signify the inherent nature of the office, but the area of the officer's candidacy; that is, a State office is one for whom all the voters of the State can vote, a County office is one for whom all the voters of the county can vote, and a District office is one for whom all the voters of the district can vote.[1] The Outlook, in the issue of July 27, pointed out to its readers that all authorities on constitutional law are agreed that Presidential electors are State officers; they are elected by the State, they represent the State, and they perform all their functions within the State. But even were it not true that Presidential electors are universally regarded as officers of the State, it is certain that they are elected by all the voters of the State, and are, therefore, State officers according to the decision of the Idaho Supreme Court six or eight years ago.

The decision of the same Court last summer that the electors are not State officers, and therefore are not public officers within the meaning of the statute, and cannot be nominated by petition, and therefore the Progressives could not have the names of their candidates printed on the ticket at all, naturally aroused great indignation throughout the State. It was condemned in no uncertain terms by the "Evening Capital News" of Boise City. Some of the more bitter of

[1] Phillips vs. Carter (4 Idaho Reports, 1894–1896, page 193).

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its criticisms are quoted by Judge Sullivan in his opinion justifying the Court for its action in sending the editors to jail, and of these the following are the bitterest:

"The decision is an outrage, and a flagrant instance, fortunately rare, of the attempted control of politics by the Bench."

"The more convincing becomes the belief that the decision was purely and solely a political and personal one."

"A decision which is defended and supported in Idaho by no honest or honorable man to-day."

Nor was this indignation confined to Idaho, nor to members of the Progressive party. From many quarters came protests against a decision the certain effect and the implied purpose of which were to disfranchise thousands of American citizens. Among these expressions of indignation was an utterance of Theodore Roosevelt, which was published by many newspapers all over the country. As it was this utterance which appears to have been a chief element in the complaint of the Court against the "Evening Capital News," which published it in common with other papers throughout the country, we give it here entire:

Mr. J. H. Gibson, Boise, Idaho:

Through you I desire to appeal to the men and women of Idaho not to permit themselves to be disfranchised as the Court has sought to disfranchise them. It is impossible to protest too strongly against what is literally the infamy of this decision. Every upholder of law and order, every sincere well-wisher of the cause, should take the lead in condemning such utter reactionary conduct by a reactionary Court, absolutely without warrant of law and in the interest only of the great apostles of special privilege in politics and industry. The reactionaries wish to disfranchise the people, and they recognize in the Progressive party the only party which really and in good faith stands for the people. It is an attempt to beat the cause by trickery and chicanery, because those who instigate it know that they have no chance of success in a fair and open fight before the people themselves. This action by the Court has shifted the issue in Idaho to a square issue as to whether or not the people are to be allowed to express their deliberate judgment. It is an attempt to stifle such expression of deliberate judgment by the people. It was an infamous thing for the Republican State Central Committee to bring such an action, and the decision by the reactionary partisan Court before which it was brought is against the law, against equity, against justice, against the whole course of decisions in all other American courts. I have a right to ask that not only every Progressive, but every honest man and every honest woman in the State, stand with us. The Republican State Central Committee and the reactionary Court are counting upon the hope that enough men and women will not take the trouble to write in the names of the Progressive candidates on the ballot. I appeal to the men and women of Idaho to disappoint this hope and frustrate the outrageous conduct of the reactionaries. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

For the publication of this message and of the editorials from which quotations are given above, three men were brought before the Supreme Court, and after a hearing were sentenced to pay five hundred dollars fine each and to be imprisoned for ten days. The decision was rendered by a majority of the Court; one of the three judges, while concurring in the opinion of the Court that the contempt had been shown, dissented from the sentence pronounced.

Three circumstances make this extraordinary case still more extraordinary.

1. As a general principle of law, the press has a right to criticise decisions of the Court after the case is closed. Adverse criticism pending the case may be in contempt of court if it tends to interfere with the course of justice. The criticisms of which the Idaho Court complains were all published after the decision of the Court forbidding the State officials to put the names of the Progressive electors on the ballots. The Court, recognizing this general principle of law, justified its action on the ground that a rehearing had been applied for, and maintained that until the application for the rehearing had been passed upon the case was still pending. In fact, the petition for such rehearing was presented, not by any party to the original action, but by one who was a total stranger to it, and before it was presented the order of the Court had already been carried into effect; so that the only effect which this unauthorized petition could possibly have had was to make illegal any criticism of the Court and lay a basis for the contempt proceedings which were afterwards based upon it. The suspicion that this was the object as it was the effect of the application for a rehearing is not unnatural.

2. Of the three defendants, one, Mr. Sheridan, was the publisher, another, Mr. Broxon, was the managing editor, of the "News;" the third, Mr. Cruzen, had no connection with the paper. He was neither editor, publisher, nor even owner of any of its stock. The same sentence of fine and imprisonment was imposed upon him as upon the others, because in the campaign, in which he took a

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prominent part, he had boasted that he controlled the political policies of the "News." Under oath in the contempt proceedings he denied the truth of these statements, declaring, "It wasn't true; it was just politics." He was thus punished for contempt of court, not because he had any responsibility for the statements made in the "News," but because he had, for political effect, claimed a responsibility which he did not possess.

3. One of the Judges of the Court was a candidate in the campaign for re-election. Thus the practical effect of this decision is that if a newspaper editor criticises the decisions of a judge who is asking re-election from the people, he does so at the hazard of being fined and imprisoned by the judge for making the criticism. That is, the popular election of judges must not be accompanied by any public discussion of their competence for the office.

If the object of this decision was to sustain the dignity and honor of the Court, it lamentably failed. An almost continued public reception has been given to the prisoners in the jail. A popular subscription has been started to raise a fund with which to pay their fines. The Boise City Theater advertises a week's benefit for the prisoners, to whom thirty per cent of the week's receipts will be paid over. Nor is this popular sentiment confined to the laity. A letter from one of the prominent lawyers of Idaho, not connected with the case, lies before us, from which we quote a single sentence: "I believe that every Judge of that Court who participated in that opinion ought to be, and eventually will be, driven from public life." Nor is this sentiment confined to the State of Idaho. Governor West, of Oregon, and Colonel Nelson, of Kansas City, the publisher of the Kansas City "Times," one of the foremost papers in the West, have telegraphed their felicitations to the prisoners. The Portland "Oregonian," one of the ablest journals in the Northwest. and far from radical in its temper, interprets the decision in the following sentence: "The archaic Supreme Court of Idaho has erected a judicial barrier at the boundaries of that benighted State, and posted thereon the strange device: 'All who enter here leave behind the right of free speech.'" The Salt Lake "Tribune," the foremost Gentile paper in the Mormon country, describes the decision as "a clear violation of the privileges of the press, a violation of the Constitution which declares that freedom of speech and the liberty of the press shall not be abridged."

We have here stated the facts in this case without epithet or criticism of our own. We are content to leave the action of the Court to the impartial judgment of our readers. We may, however, summarize that action in two sentences. In the first decision the Court did all that a court can do to disfranchise 25,000 citizens of Idaho; in the second it did all that a court can do to punish the journal which ventured to criticise in vigorous English this action of the Court. Our own judgment of both decisions can be briefly expressed in a sentence. There is nothing in law, in justice, or in reason to sustain either of them. We have sought in vain in the books for any legal precedent for this extraordinary action. As it is without a precedent in the past, so we trust it will be without a following in the future.

It is doubtful whether the Court has rendered itself amenable to impeachment proceedings. Yet the people of Idaho, who should be proud that there are men among them willing to go to jail in the cause of free speech, are not without means of protecting themselves in the future. They may incorporate in their Constitution a limitation of the power of the court in contempt cases, for which they will find example in the Federal Act of 1831 which "limited the contempt powers of the Federal Courts to three classes of cases: (1) Those where there has been misbehavior in the presence of the Court, or so near thereto as to interfere with the orderly performance of its duties; (2) where there has been misbehavior of an officer of the Court with reference to official transactions; and (3) where there has been disobedience or resistance to any lawful writ, process, order, rule, decree, or command of the Court."[1] This may be accepted as a fair interpretation of the modern American doctrine of contempt.

Idaho may also borrow from some of the other States in the Union, notably New York and Massachusetts, a provision authorizing the Legislature, after a hearing, to remove any judge from office without impeachment who has misused the powers with which the courts must necessarily be intrusted for the efficient administration of justice.

It is certain that the people of Idaho must take some action if they wish to secure for

[1] "Willoughby on the Constitution," page 1270.

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themselves in the future those rights of free election and free speech which are possessed unquestioned by the people of the other States of the Union.

NEW YORK HARBOR

Since 1767 the width of the Hudson River opposite New York City has been narrowed nearly fifty per cent. This has all been done by successive encroachments of the pier-head line into the fairway. Every few years an agitation would spring up, and the shore would be built further out into the river and the pier-head line advanced still further, until now the river is only 2,795 feet wide at its narrowest point, opposite Castle Point, Hoboken. This has several bad effects upon navigation.

First, it greatly increases the current at this point in the Hudson River itself, and thus requires higher and more expensive power in the vessels navigating it, and it also makes navigation more difficult.

Second: Another bad effect is the crowding of traffic in the river. One hundred and twenty boats have been counted as passing this section in a single hour in the winter season when no excursion boats are running and when navigation in the upper Hudson is closed, so this probably represents a fair daily average.

Third. The obstruction caused by this narrowing of the Hudson at New York tends to reduce the ebb and flow of the tide throughout the length of the Hudson River, and, according to the engineers, is even now responsible for deterioration of navigable depth in the upper and middle Hudson.

The city of New York depends vitally upon the preservation of this great waterway. The commerce on this river, instead of decreasing, is rapidly increasing, in size and number of vessels. Any material impairment of it will greatly tend to cripple the future commercial prosperity of the city.

The congestion of the water-front of the city does not come from the demands of its ocean commerce, but from the demands made upon it by a species of traffic which has no business on the water-front, namely, the use of the water-front as distributing terminals for the New Jersey railways. These railway companies occupy, with their terminals, large sections on both sides of the river. Their tracks run down to the New Jersey shore, where their cars are put upon floats and carried across the river to the New York shore. There the bulk of the freight is broken and distributed into drays on the piers themselves and on West Street. This work of distribution is a work which does not need to be performed upon the water-front; the freight thus distributed is not going abroad, but is being distributed, most of it, in New York City. If, instead of this wasteful method, these freight cars were either carried under the river by tunnels and then distributed by a marginal railway into terminal buildings for distribution into trucks, or even if they were carried across the river by floats to the terminus of such a distributing railway, thirty or forty per cent of our Hudson River Manhattan water-front would be released at once for its true function of serving as a terminus for ocean-going traffic.

The problem of the New York water-front, therefore, is, in the first place, to restrict it as far as possible to its proper function of serving ocean traffic. It is a splendid water-front, with deep water and an unsurpassed fairway, provided we do not spoil it.

There has been no difference of opinion on the part of any careful students as to the wisdom of any further narrowing of the fairway of the Hudson River. In 1857 the matter was carefully studied by a Board of Engineers acting for the State of New York, who set out all of the foregoing objections to any further narrowing of the river. At the time of their report the river was still five hundred feet wider than it is now. This reduction has taken place under the same heedless and selfish pressure which is now being brought to narrow it still further. It was narrowed in 1871, in 1890, and again in 1897, under precisely the same cry of emergency which is being raised now. On December 9, 1903, when a similar agitation was raised, Secretary of War Root gave notice that no further encroachment on the fairway would be permitted, and that any further extensions in the length of piers must be made by digging back into the land rather than by stretching out into the river. Three later Secretaries have taken the same ground.

So far as our ocean-going traffic is concerned, the pressure for long piers has arisen thus far simply because it has been cheaper to build out into the river than to dig back into the land. People have preferred to encroach upon the fairway

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rather than to spend the necessary money to preserve it. We have reached a point where such an attitude is no longer possible or defensible. The city must recognize that the preservation of its primacy in commerce depends upon intelligently attacking these two features of the problem. It must insist upon a proper distribution of its local freight, and it must insist that in future piers the requisite length be attained in a way consonant with the preservation of the river, even if it requires more money to do it.

The vice of the Sulzer Bill now before Congress is that, so far from intelligently grappling with these problems, it again seeks to move our pier-head line out into the river. It is a weak yielding to the interested pressure of those who desire to get long piers at the smallest expense and without reference to the insidious but gradual effect upon the city's future. Furthermore, it is an attempt to take out of the hands of the Board of Engineers a function which they are best suited to perform, and to have it done in a much less careful way by Congress. The pier-head line is now in the hands of a board of three engineers known as the Harbor Line Board, who have been making, and are at the present time making, a careful study of this very question. To pass the Sulzer Bill would be to anticipate and foreclose their decision.

Some readers may ask, How does this matter concern the people of inland States and cities? Why trouble us about it? We have problems enough of our own. Let New York settle her own difficulties herself.

The answer is that foreign commerce, coastwise commerce, and transcontinental railway shipments are matters of vital National interest. New York has the most important harbor in the United States; it is the greatest commercial metropolis in the United States; it is the greatest distributing point in the United States. If it does its work inefficiently or expensively, the whole country suffers.

In this article we have pointed out defects to be avoided. In a later article we shall describe some definite and scientific plans of harbor improvement.

GOVERNOR WILSON AND BUSINESS

A POLL OF THE PRESS

PRESIDENT-ELECT WILSON lately made a notable speech at Chicago on "business." The speech has been criticised favorably and unfavorably. The New York "World" summarizes the favorable opinion in saying that the speech was "not a threat; it was an appeal," and that "this appeal was not directed to the country at large for more power and more laws to curb business. It was directed to the managers of great business undertakings for help and honest counsel and co-operation." Take this paragraph, says the "World:"

> I am a trustee for the prosperity of the United States in council, and the council that is not common council, the council that does not include you, if imperfect council, is council that will mislead. Won't you come in? Have you not come in? Is it not your purpose to re-establish economic freedom in the United States? Aren't we all in the same boat? Can't I enlist you to-night in the common enterprise? There is no bright prospect otherwise.

"These are not the words of demagogy," the "World" comments. "They are not the words of a politician preaching class war. They are the words of a statesman pleading for justice and asking for assistance." The paper adds this vigorous comment: "To the extent that Big Business interprets this speech as an attack upon anything except wrong and privilege and greed, to that extent Big Business is an ass. To the extent that Big Business refuses to help in this new movement for economic freedom, to that extent Big Business will be the chief victim of its own folly."

"Two pregnant observations" stand out from the Chicago speech, affirms the Washington "Times." One is a confession that the next President is convinced that the "Money Trust" hunt has found the Money Trust. "The banking system," declared Governor Wilson, "has already been indicted." The Washington paper continues:

> But beyond that he was concerned about the testimony that an "inner circle" of powerful factors is in the control of credit, "by which credit is obtainable to the exclusion of those

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against whom that inner circle seeks to discriminate."

The Governor, then, is convinced that there is a Money Trust, or perhaps more accurately, a "credit trust." He sounds, in the presence of a gathering of the most powerful business men of the Middle West, the warning that he has been convinced on this point. And what does he indicate shall be done about it?

Governor Wilson's first proposition is that "we must see to it that the business of the United States is set absolutely free of every feature of monopoly." This, according to the Washington "Times," sounds like a flat declaration for the rigorous, literal enforcement of the Sherman Law. "But apparently he does not intend to make mere bigness an evidence of badness or of monopoly, for at another point he said that he does not care how big a business grows provided it grows big in contact with keen competition."

As to competition, the Buffalo "Express" thus comments:

Dr. Wilson evidently still holds to the old idea that competition is the natural and safe regulator of prices and stimulus to trade. This, of course, is the basis of the low-tariff or free-trade theory. It is a fact, however, that modern business men have grown steadily away from the competitive idea, and the tendency of civilization is to get still farther from it. This is not the result of tariffs, and it will not be changed by alterations in the tariff.

But to return to Mr. Wilson's statement: "I am not indicting the banking methods of America; our banking system does not need to be indicted. It has been convicted."

"The banking system of America has been neither indicted nor convicted," protests the New York "Globe," and adds: "It is not a criminal business. On the contrary, no business on an average is carried on according to higher ethical standards. It is not to any alarming degree a monopolized business. The total number of banks in the country is 23,000. No other country has half as many. The deposits in these banks aggregate $15,000,000,000. No other country has as much. The bankers are prevailingly true to their great trust. The improvement in the last few years has been great. Fewer banks fail. Bankers watch one another's conduct more closely than they did." The "Globe" adds:

Responsible bankers, in the interest of safety to depositors, have sought to lessen the evils of irresponsible credit. Through clearing-houses and otherwise they have sought to bring pressure on all banks to avoid bad loans. A warm welcome has not been given to wildcatters that wanted to come into the business. A chilly face has been turned towards such crowds as were behind the Carnegie Trust Company, the Heinze banks, the Morse banks, and the Robin banks. Those whose plans to filch from the public's pockets have been interfered with have, of course, gone and "cussed" Morgan and Baker in this community. The most vehement critics of the "money trust" are the bankers who have been retired from circulation. The public will never know what it owes to the sound bankers who have insisted on having cleanliness in spite of the howling of the unclean. It is doubtful if this country ever saw a more humorous spectacle than the one presented when the favorite attorney of the Guggenheims is the mouthpiece of rebuke to the banking fraternity.

"That which has been indicted and convicted is not the country's banking system," concludes the "Globe." "It is rather the ignorant public opinion which President-elect Wilson thus far has done little toward educating out of error, that has prevented the creation of a unified banking system such as other civilized countries possess."

The New York "Evening Post" and the New York "Times" have been among the President-elect's strenuous supporters, yet we find him taken to task in their columns. Editorially, the "Post" contents itself with a sentence which Mr. Wilson may or may not regard as a warning:

The country is prosperous, and nobody wants to interfere with the good times. Labor is well employed, the few strikes we have, here and there, being really a sign of prosperity, in the sense that the workers ask for a greater share in the gains of business. No doubt a certain amount of discontent persists; it had been lashed in one way and another to such heights that it could not have been expected to subside entirely. But the best evidence is that it is today neither widespread nor violent. The nation wants certain things done. Governor Wilson is right about that. But it has no such rage that it would, in order to punish some, engulf all in a common ruin.

In its financial columns, however, the "Post" frankly declares that the present uneasiness in financial circles arises "from vague apprehension of clumsy or foolish handling of an extremely delicate financial problem." The "Post" adds:

It is impossible to deny that this uneasiness has been increased by some passages in Governor Wilson's recent speeches. This is not because his general attitude towards the question is disliked by fair-minded business men, but because of the vagueness with which declarations of seemingly high importance are made—an ambiguity which at least gives a chance for the wild extremist to put his own interpretation on them.

As to "vagueness," the New York

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"Times" thus abruptly questions: "Where did our President-elect get the facts on which he bases the ideas which he is repeating in words and in print? It would be all right if he would use his metaphorical gibbet and lash upon hypothetical men and facts alone; but if he is to use them otherwise upon actual men and affairs, then there are times ahead upon which we can look back with pleasure only after we have passed through them. Looking ahead there can only be embarrassment and misadventure in pandering to error, or in legislating to remedy evils which do not exist outside of muckrakers' romances." So much for fancy; now for fact. Says the "Times:"

Mr. Wilson's situation is no better when he passes from theory to fact. His phantasy about the closing the door of opportunity to the small man in this country of freedom is not taken from the record. The handlers of the finances of the United States in multiples of millions are private firms, not banks. The fact that some think it necessary to expel Mr. Morgan from his position of advantage is proof that mere men and partners can get there, and by methods not open to fair criticism. Nor is Mr. Morgan the exception which proves the rule. In order to do Mr. Wilson no injustice, the ideas which he repeated as second thought at Chicago may be quoted in his own language, and then compared with the facts.

The words from the Chicago speech were: "The rank and file of the country don't believe that all are on equal terms in this country. It is believed that a poor man has a smaller chance than a rich one. God forbid that should be the fact." "Without entering into competition in the field of fancy, we may be allowed to cite the record," says the "Times," and then proceeds to cite it:

The unimaginative figures of the census show that the corporations own only a quarter of the manufacturing industries. It is true that the corporations show great growth, but it includes only those wishing to incorporate. Firms and individuals in industries show a large, absolute growth, and only a relatively small decrease due to the growth of corporations. In 1904 the number of individuals in manufacturing industries was 113,946, and in 1909, 140,605. In 1904 the number of firm establishments was 47,934, and in 1909, 54,265. An absolute growth, concurrently with an option to enter another form of organization, is not consistent with an arbitrary closing of the door of opportunity. In plain language, the opportunities of individual initiative have increased, not decreased. And this is true as the scale is descended. Since the corporate era the savings bank deposits, which barely reached a single billion, have risen to four billions. The insurance policies have multiplied sevenfold, to seven billions. Industrial insurance has multiplied fourteenfold. But apparently the soreheads have multiplied infinitely.

"We realize that President-elect Wilson is making a flying trip to Chicago, and that his time will be fully occupied," says the Chicago "Inter Ocean." "But we do wish that before he departs he would take time to explain these words used by him in an article in the January 'World's Work:'"

What this country needs above everything else is a body of laws which will look after the men who are on the make rather than the men who are already made. Because the men who already are made are not going to live indefinitely, and they are not always kind enough to leave sons as able and honest as they are.

"Apparently this means," remarks the "Inter Ocean," "that no new laws are needed for the present rich, not because they are 'able and honest,' but because they are going to die soon anyway and their heirs will be neither 'able' nor 'honest.' On the other hand, apparently, the men 'on the make' are neither 'able' nor 'honest,' are going to live a long time and their heirs will be both 'able and honest.'

"Does Mr. Wilson mean that he would let the present rich alone because they are already wealthy and the next generation will scatter their wealth, and that he would get after those now making fortunes because they and their heirs will hang on to the money for some time?"

Perhaps an answer may be found in these paragraphs from the Chicago speech:

Only the temper and the thought and the purpose of business men in America are going to determine what the future of business shall be. There are many things to do which you can do without the assistance and also without the whip of law. The thing which is done only under the whip of law is done imperfectly, reluctantly, sometimes sullenly and never successfully.

The hope of America is in the changing attitude of the business men of this country toward the things which they have to handle in the future. If that temper had not changed, the things could not have happened which have happened in recent months. For what we have witnessed within the last two months is not merely a political change. It is a change in the attitude and judgment of the American people.

One of the reasons why there were not merely two parties contending for the supremacy at the recent election, one reason the field of choice was varied and multiplied, was that the old lines are breaking where they are oldest and that men are no longer to be catalogued, no longer to be found by dead reckoning. America has come upon a new period of independent thinking, and she is going to think her way out to a triumphant solution of her difficulties.

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Letters to Unknown Friends

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

A college boy, a hard student, asks me, "Why can't I play tennis on Sunday?" As a matter of fact, I do not see any harm in it, for he lives in the country, where the question of example is not involved—if it is to be considered. The act of playing tennis is innocent enough. But my Puritanical upbringing asks, "Is this a conscious disregard of a higher law?" Any thoughtful boy knows that it is less hurtful than spending the afternoon in idle chatter with other young people. His problem has to do only with tennis-playing—or similar diversions—*at home* only.

CHARLES DICKENS, in a paper to be found in the thirty-fourth volume of his collected works, published by the Scribners, describes a Sunday scene which he once observed in the west of England, in a small village distant about seventy miles from London. In the morning he attended service in the village church, a low-roofed building with small arched windows through which the sun's rays streamed in. "The impressive service of the Church of England was spoken—not *read*—by the gray-headed minister, and the responses delivered by his auditors, with an air of sincere devotion as far removed from affectation or display as from coldness or indifference." At the close of the service the villagers saluted the minister as he passed, and some of them held brief conferences with him. In the evening about half an hour before sunset Mr. Dickens walked out toward the church again, was surprised to hear the hum of voices and occasionally a shout of merriment from the meadow beyond the churchyard, and found the boys and young men of the place engaged in an animated game of cricket, while the older people were scattered about, some watching the game, some gathering flowers, some engaged in social conversation. "I was," he says, "in the very height of the pleasure which the contemplation of this scene afforded me, when I saw the old clergyman making his way towards us. I trembled for an angry interruption to the sport, and was almost on the point of crying out, to warn the cricketers of his approach; he was so close upon me, however, that I could do nothing but remain still, and anticipate the reproof that was preparing. What was my agreeable surprise to see the old gentleman standing at the stile, with his hands in his pockets, surveying the whole scene with evident satisfaction! And how dull I must have been not to have known, till my friend the grandfather (who, by the by, said he had been a wonderful cricketer in his time) told me, that it was the clergyman himself who had established the whole thing; that it was his field they played in; and that it was he who had purchased the stumps, bats, ball, and all!"

This Sabbath scene—reverent worship in which the whole community united in the morning, innocent recreation in which the old and young partook in the afternoon, with the cordial approval of the church and the minister—appears to me to furnish an ideal of Sabbath observance.

The Sabbath question is two questions: What ought the law to forbid? What ought Christian example to commend?

The standard for the law is set by the Fourth Commandment. The Fourth Commandment forbids work, and it forbids nothing else. It requires rest, and it requires nothing else. There is no suggestion in this commandment of any religious service, no suggestion of any prohibition of innocent and healthful recreation. The day is, indeed, a day to be kept holy to the Lord, but holiness to the Lord is not inconsistent with festivity and rejoicing. That it was not so regarded by the ancient Hebrews is evident from an interesting incident recorded in the Book of Nehemiah. The people were brought together in a kind of primitive camp-meeting to hear the law of God read to them and interpreted. A pulpit was constructed and

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preachers were appointed to conduct the service. "So they read in the book in the law of God distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading" —not a bad example for modern preaching. But when the people, moved by the solemnity of the occasion, wept, the preachers bade them not weep. "This day is holy unto the Lord your God," they said; "mourn not, nor weep. Go your way, eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared, for this day is holy unto our Lord: neither be ye sorry; for the joy of the Lord is your strength." And it is added that "the people went their way to eat, and to drink, and to send portions, and to make great mirth, because they had understood the words that were declared unto them."

There is some reason for believing that this day was a Sabbath day; but whether it was or not, it was a day holy unto the Lord, and the example set by Nehemiah and his preachers, in sending the people away to festivity, rejoicing, and mirth after the sacred service of the morning, is one to be commended to the consideration of those who go to the Bible to learn what the Sabbath is for.

We ought, by law, to protect the workingman's right to his day of rest. It is true that all work cannot be stopped on the Sabbath day. The steamer cannot anchor in mid-ocean, nor the train halt in the middle of the continent, nor the hotels close their doors and cease to serve food to their guests, nor, I believe, the iron furnaces shut down; but work should be diminished and, as far as possible, should cease on this day. The law should provide that every workingman should have one day for rest and recreation in every week, as it should provide for him adequate hours of rest and recreation in every day. But it should not determine for him how he should employ either the protected day in the week or the protected hours in the day. This is a question that every man should be left free to determine for himself.

The Sabbath law should simply prohibit unnecessary employment and such forms of activity, whether work or play, whether religious or secular, as disturb the day of rest for the community. It may legitimately prohibit the paid ball game, with its gate receipts, its great crowd, its inevitable disturbance of the day's quiet. But it may equally legitimately prohibit a procession, whether secular or religious, from making such use of the streets as would disturb the quiet either of worshipers in the churches or of householders in their homes. The whole function of the law is, not to enforce a religious obligation on the people, but to provide the people with the freedom which will enable them to enjoy their worship and their rest undisturbed.

The question of Christian example is different. To the Christian the Sabbath is a day of inspiration as well as of rest and recreation. He uses the rest of this day, and the relief it brings him from ordinary weekly toil, for ministry to the higher life. He may find this ministry in the church service, or in reading and reflection at home, or in quiet communion with his own soul and with God in the field or the forest; but he uses it for something more than mere relaxation. It furnishes him an opportunity for that repose, both of body and of spirit, without which the best health of the body and the best development of the spirit are impossible.

But there is no reason why this use of a part of the Sabbath should be regarded as inconsistent with the use of another part of the Sabbath for mere relaxation and recreation, provided such forms of relaxation and recreation are selected as do not entail unnecessary work on others and do not violate the Sabbath rest of others. The day should be made one of rest and gladness—a festival, not a feast day; a day of liberty, not a day of bondage; and my own belief is that if the ministers, the churches, the parents, the saintly people who find great rest and refreshment in the spiritual uses of the day, would join with the rest of the community in making a part of the day available for innocent rest and recreation, they would make the whole day better serve both themselves and their neighbors.

The Sabbath question is part of a much larger question, and cannot be solved by itself. So long as we think that religion is something apart from life, that it is religious to pray and irreligious to play, religious to weep and irreligious to laugh, so long we shall think there is a certain incongruity in attempting to mingle worship and recreation in the same day; so long we shall think the day is given to God if it is devoted to Bible and church, and is given to ourselves and to the world if it is given to playing games. To Charles Kingsley life seemed so full of God that he writes: "I see no inconsistency in making my sermons while I am cutting wood, and no 'bizarrerie' in talking one moment to one man about the points of a horse and the next moment to another about the mercy of

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God to sinners." When life becomes thus full of God to us, when we realize the full meaning of the truth that God has entered into human life in order that human life may become divine, when we remember that Jesus Christ in his parables found his ideals of human character in the merchant doing his business, the fisherman working with his boats and his nets, the farmer sowing his seed, the steward administering an estate, and compared himself to one playing in the market-place that the children might dance to his music, we shall be able to realize that there is nothing irreligious in innocent recreations on a day given by the Father to his children and to be consecrated by them to preparation for a higher and holier living throughout the week.

I have not attempted to give a direct answer to your question, because a direct answer is impossible. "Circumstances alter cases." I wish that the churches and the ministers acted in the spirit of the church and the minister described by Charles Dickens in the incident recounted above. But where they do not, where the religious feeling of the community is strongly opposed to all recreation on the Sabbath, some attention must be paid to that sentiment. The Sabbath should be a day of liberty, but our liberty is not to be used needlessly to wound or offend even the prejudices of our fellow-men. Whether in any given community it is right to play lawn tennis on Sunday depends, therefore, in part upon the sentiment of the better class in that community. It also depends in part upon the week day work of the individual and upon the opportunities for service of others which the Sabbath may afford him. Perhaps he can get his out-of-door recreation by acting as Scout Master to village boys who have little inspiring companionship; perhaps he can render service by taking a class in an afternoon Sunday-school or mission; perhaps he can render service by making the Sabbath an enjoyable one to the home. All these questions must be taken into consideration. I can only say that I see nothing necessarily inconsistent with either the Jewish or the Christian conception of the Sabbath in such social fellowship and innocent recreation as does not entail serious labor upon others.

Nor have I undertaken to solve the Sabbath question. That question cannot be considered apart from the larger question, *What shall we do with our life?* A little child asked his mother, "Is the Sabbath the Lord's Day?" "Yes," she replied. "And has he given us the other six days for our own?" "Ye-es—why—yes, I suppose so," she replied. "Wasn't it good of him," said the child, "to keep only one day for himself and give us the other six days for ourselves?" This childish conception is not uncommon, and wherever it is entertained the Sabbath question is insoluble. No man who works all the week under such pressure that he wakes Sunday morning exhausted in mind and body is in any condition for the spiritual refreshment of the church services. No one who works all the week trying to get all that he can out of his fellow-men is in any condition on the Sabbath to join in sincere, genuine reverence for One who said, "He that will be greatest among you, let him be servant of all." We can never learn how to rest *in* God on the Sabbath unless we have learned how to work *for* God throughout the week.

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Our Vanishing Wild Life

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THERE has just been published an unusual book [1] on the extermination of the beautiful and wonderful forms of wild life which is now going on with such appalling rapidity. It contains a discussion of the methods to check this extermination and to preserve the birds and mammals the loss of which can literally never be repaired. The writer, Mr. Hornaday, is the director of the New York Zoölogical Park, a trained naturalist, an explorer of and dweller in the world's waste spaces, a man who has been a mighty hunter in the proper sense of the word, but whose chief work for many years has been the effort to preserve and not destroy wild life. The foreword is written by Henry Fairfield Osborn, President of the New York Zoölogical Society.

As President Osborn says in his introduction, the United States at this moment occupies a lamentable position as being perhaps the chief offender among civilized nations in permitting the destruction and pollution of nature. Our whole modern civilization is at fault in the matter. But we in America are probably most at fault. The civilized people of to-day look back with horror at their mediæval ancestors who wantonly destroyed great works of art, or sat slothfully by while they were destroyed. We have passed that stage. We treasure pictures and sculptures. We regard Attic temples and Roman triumphal arches and Gothic cathedrals as of priceless value. But we are, as a whole, still in that low state of civilization where we do not understand that it is also vandalism wantonly to destroy or to permit the destruction of what is beautiful in nature, whether it be a cliff, a forest, or a species of mammal or bird. Here in the United States we turn our rivers and streams into sewers and dumping-grounds, we pollute the air, we destroy forests, and exterminate fishes, birds, and mammals—not to speak of vulgarizing charming landscapes with hideous advertisements. But at last it looks as if our people were awakening. Many leading men, Americans and Canadians, are doing all they can for the Conservation movement.

One phase of this Conservation movement is the preservation of the noble and beautiful forms of wild life in this country. It is to this phase that Mr. Hornaday devotes himself. As he points out, it is not merely folly, it is wickedness, to permit a small number of our people, perhaps two or three per cent, to destroy the animals and birds in which the other ninety-seven per cent have an equal ownership, and in which the posterity of all of them should have an equal interest. The true sportsman, the nature-lover, the humanitarian—in short, all good citizens of all types—should read this book and should respond to the appeal Mr. Hornaday makes. We need drastic action. Song-bird slaughter should be stopped absolutely, of course, and so should the slaughter of water-birds. For game the bags should be strictly limited by law, all spring shooting should be stopped, and in most places there should be long close seasons, and, as regards many birds and mammals, absolute prohibition of killing at all. Congress should protect all migratory birds.

This was once a great game country. It is now in large part an absolutely gameless country, a country with less game than is found in most European countries, and the game is rapidly disappearing even from where it still exists. The wild antelope and the prairie chicken are on the point of following the wild bison and the passenger pigeon into memory. A few States have done their duty as to a few animals. Sheep are protected in Colorado—really protected, not nominally protected only—and have increased in consequence. Moose have been protected and have increased in Maine and New Brunswick. Deer have been protected, and have increased astonishingly, in Vermont, and indeed throughout New England. The elk have been thoroughly, but unintelligently, protected in the Yellowstone Park. Additional winter grounds should be provided for these Yellowstone Park elk, and moreover, as Mr. Hornaday points out, it is imperatively necessary that provision should be made for hunting and killing cows and young bulls (not old bulls, of which there are now too few). The Vermont deer are now so plentiful that there should be more hunting of them permitted. The elk in the Yellowstone Park are the only North American animals which have been so well protected in our preserves that their increase has outstripped the food supply, and in consequence multitudes now perish in the most miserable way by starvation.

[1] Our Vanishing Wild Life. By William T. Hornaday. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

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The National and State game reserves offer fine examples of what can be done by adequate legislation. The work of the Pennsylvania Game Commission is singled out by Mr. Hornaday for special praise; and it is worth remembering that only by such genuine game preservation by the State or Nation will it ever be possible to give to the farmer, the mechanic, and the clerk the chance to do hunting which otherwise is strictly confined to the millionaire and the market gunner.

The pleas made by Mr. Hornaday for the whooping crane, the upland plover, the California condor, for grouse, egrets, the wood duck, the blacktail deer, the California elephant seal, and other animals, are not only convincing, but should excite our legislators, sportsmen, and nature-lovers to active work. All our people should wake up to the damage done by the migratory sheep bands which are permitted to pasture on, and to destroy, the public domain. There should be international agreement to put down the iniquitous feather trade. It seems inconceivable that civilized people should permit it to exist. Money is needed for the missionary work which Mr. Hornaday has started. Our rich men should realize that to import a Rembrandt or a Raphael into this country is in no shape or way such a service at this moment as to spend the money which such a picture costs in helping either the missionary movement as a whole, or else parts of it, such as the preservation of the prongbuck, or the activities of the Audubon Society on behalf of gulls and terns. The Ward-McIlhenny bird preserve, recently given to Louisiana by Mr. Edward A. McIlhenny and Mr. Charles Willis Ward, is already a nursery of priceless value for the preservation of egrets.

This book should be studied in every legislature. I commend it to women's clubs just as much as to farmers' associations. It should be read by all intelligent, far-sighted, and public-spirited men and women throughout the Union. Moreover, when they have read it, let them not be content with impotent indignation, but let them do all they can to act on the advice it contains.

THE DEAD DREAM

BY MADISON CAWEIN

Between the darkness and the day,
As, lost in doubt, I went my way,
I met a shape, as faint as fair,
With star-like blossoms in its hair;
Its body, which the moon shone through,
Was partly cloud and partly dew;
Its eyes were bright as if with tears,
And held the look of long-gone years;
Its mouth was piteous, sweet yet dread,
As if with kisses of the dead;
And in its hand it bore a flower,
In memory of some haunted hour.

I knew it for the Dream I'd had
In days when life was young and glad;
Why had it come with love and woe
Out of the happy Long-Ago?—
Upon my brow I felt its breath,
Heard ancient words of faith and death,
Sweet with the immortality
Of many a fragrant memory;
And to my heart again I took
Its joy and sorrow in a look,
And kissed its eyes and held it fast,
And bore it home from out the past—
My Dream of Beauty and of Truth,
I dreamed had perished with my Youth.

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Mrs. Woodrow Wilson

ON March fourth next Mrs. Wilson will become the mistress and hostess of the White House. The wife of our next President, on whom will depend so greatly the social leadership of his Administration, is of Southern birth, like her husband. Her maiden name was Helen Louise Axson, and her girlhood home was Savannah, Georgia. President Wilson and Mrs. Wilson have three daughters, and the Wilson family life will truly represent at the White House that of the best American traditions. Mrs. Wilson has a strong interest in domestic science and in home-making in its wider phases.

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Katherine's Mother

BY

MINNIE J. REYNOLDS

I DON'T suppose any mother ever had a harder child to bring up than Katherine. Obstinate, lazy, selfish, untidy, disobedient—I have wept salt tears in Katherine's childhood to think that my only daughter was all of these.

I have never in my life, before or since, seen a girl who was so crazy for play or hated work as Katherine did. I have seen boys who were that way, but never another girl. Katherine was the middle one of my five children. When they told me it was a girl, I was glad. I said, "Now I shall have some one to help me."

We were poor in those days, though we ranked among the aristocracy of the little village. We lived in a great rambling old house which my grandfather had built. My husband was a real estate and insurance agent, the only one in the village. But in a place of fifteen hundred inhabitants our income was very small. We simply could not afford to keep a hired girl at three dollars a week, or even two dollars, which we had to pay up there for a slovenly, raw French-Canadian girl.

The house was so large that it was a great burden to keep it clean. I did my own washing. I put up a great deal of fruit in summer. I put down eggs in brine when they were plenty. We set a good table, though plain. I got three meals a day, year in and year out, except Sunday, when we had a cold lunch at night.

No human being can accomplish this without working all the time. I worked from morning till bedtime. The minute my housework was done I took up my sewing. I made all our clothes except my husband's suits. There were six years at one time, when the children were small, that I never stepped inside the church. By the time I had got the rest of the family off Sunday morning I simply could not go myself and do the necessary work and get dinner. It was beyond human power.

Under these circumstances perhaps I was not to be blamed if I expected help from Katherine. Never was human hope more misplaced. There were only two things on earth that Katherine wanted to do: to play outdoors every instant that weather permitted, and, when it did not, to sit around the house with her nose in a book.

She was a terrible child to run away. When she was too little to open the gate, she would squeeze through the fence rails and explore the village. If there was a spot in the whole countryside she had not ranged over with those long legs of hers, I don't know where it was. She was never there when I wanted her—never.

She never poured anything without spilling it, never washed dishes without breaking one, never swept without knocking something down. I would leave her washing dishes, be absent one minute, and when I

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returned she would be gone, and perhaps I would not see her till night. Sometimes I pleaded with her and sometimes I punished her as hard as I dared to. But the result was the same. Next day she would do exactly the same thing.

My daughter's popularity was one of my trials. If I ever could get her in the house a minute, the village children wouldn't let her alone. They would come around the house and call or whistle to her, and when you looked out you couldn't see a soul.

She seemed to be a sort of boss among them. I used to see them in groups clustered around her, sometimes perfectly silent while she did the talking, again all talking at once, apparently excited. Sometimes she seemed to be giving orders and laying out parts for each one. Again there seemed to be rebellion and violent arguments. But Katherine could talk them all down; or, if she couldn't, her last resort was to stalk off towards home without a word. Then they would go chasing after her, calling, "Aw now, Kit, don't go off mad. Aw now, Kit, c'mon, we'll do it your way." They would stand any meanness from her if she would only stay with them.

She had them play Shakespeare. Katherine read Shakespeare before she was twelve; sat up in bed to read it nights, to her father's great wrath. Being a fire insurance man, nothing made him more angry. I don't know how she got the idea that Shakespeare was to be played. She had never seen a play or heard of one, so far as I know. Anyway, she staged a good deal of Shakespeare one year in an empty barn.

Even grown-ups went to see the plays, though they had to pay real pennies to get in, the children getting in for whatever they had that Katherine wanted. Of course it was impossible to make the children learn Shakespeare's plays, so Katherine prepared suitable versions, very practicable versions they were too, both as to language and business. Katherine was business manager and stage manager, as well as adapter of the play, and she also took a part, sometimes two or three parts.

They played "Hamlet" and "Julius Cæsar" in this way, and some others—I forget now. They came to grief over "Hamlet." The butcher's son was cast for the title rôle. At one place Katherine had him say, "The blood that drippeth from this dagger in my hand—" At this moment, as he scowled fiercely at the dagger, a boy in the audience piped out, "It's a calf's!"

Forgetting all about his part, the butcher's boy shook his dagger at the interpolator and shrieked, "I know who you are that said that, and I'll lick you to-morrow, smarty ape."

The audience went into fits and the show broke up in disorder. But afterwards Johnny Bream and the butcher's boy fought, and real blood dripped from real noses. Their mothers inquired into matters, and then told around that "that Kitty Dale was at the bottom of all the mischief done in this village."

When she got into one of these long plans that ran over weeks, she went around with her head in a bag, and didn't even know when I spoke to her. She seemed to live in a sort of maze, her mind lost in a mist of invention. I would speak to her, she would go on, automatically answering, "Yes, ma'am," and then I would find she had not heard a word that I had said. No words can describe how irritating it was.

I never saw the Shakespeare plays. It was the teacher told me about it. She stopped me on the street and talked twenty minutes about what a remarkable child Katherine was.

"She's a genius! You ought to make a dramatic artist of her," said she.

"I'd like to make a dish-washing artist of her," said I.

Another thing that troubled me in Katherine was her fondness for low company. In those days up there near the Quebec border we had only two kinds of foreigners, Irish and French Canadians—Canucks, we called them. I was middle-aged before I ever saw any other kind of a foreigner, or even a Negro. The Irish formed a caste by themselves, but it was pretty near ours. We hadn't much of anything against them except that they were Catholics. But the Canucks were outside the pale. We no more admitted a French Canadian to social equality than a Southerner admits a colored person.

And yet I could not keep Katherine out of the French houses. There was a little settlement of them down by the river, and she would go there in spite of all I could do. She organized the French and Indian War, with the village children for the colonists, the French children for the French, and Katherine herself was the Indian tribes. That ended in bloodshed, too. She would sit for hours in their oniony kitchens listening to the old folks talk and talking with

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them. She learned to talk Canuck French from them; I've heard her jabbering it.

Some Indians used to come every summer and camp in the woods and sell baskets and berries—some of the old St. Regis tribe that still wander around St. Lawrence County in summer. Katherine was hand in glove with them, too.

If a gypsy band came through, as they did occasionally, she would be at their camp before they got the fire built. It was impossible to keep her away from such people unless you locked her up. She caught both lice and fleas from them and brought them into the house.

Well, things went on in this way until we moved to Wyburn, ten miles away. There was more difference between Maple Hollow and Wyburn than between Wyburn and New York. Maple Hollow was merely a group of houses in the country. Wyburn was a miniature city of five thousand inhabitants.

Katherine was fourteen when we moved there. She was entered in the eighth grade in the middle of the winter. In June this grade would be promoted to the high school if they passed their examinations. It was my first contact with a real graded school. Near the end of the term the principal came to see me. He was a conscientious young man, very solemn and nervous.

"Mrs. Dale," said he, "your daughter doesn't know the multiplication table."

I was silent. It was a fresh shame put on me by Katherine; not to know the multiplication table at fourteen!

"She knows the 2's," said he, desperately, "but she doesn't know the 3's, or anything beyond except the 5's and 10's. She doesn't know fractions, she doesn't know long division, she can't multiply and carry, she can't subtract and borrow. She doesn't know the multiplication table." He came back to that with a sort of wail. "Her arithmetic paper in examination was a blank," said he. "She doesn't know anything about arithmetic. There's a blank in her mind where that ought to be. And she's got to go into the high school in September. How can I admit her to the high school when she doesn't know the multiplication table?"

"I don't see how you can," said I, calmly and coldly. "If she can't pass the examination, she can't be promoted. I don't ask any partiality for my child. Let her stay in the eighth grade till she learns the multiplication table."

"But we don't teach the multiplication table in the eighth grade," said he, nervously. "We teach it in the fourth and fifth grades. The children say it in concert. It is impossible to put your daughter in the fourth or fifth grade."

I was silent. Even I could see that Katherine could not go back in the fourth or fifth grade. It was unthinkable.

"Then what's to be done about it?" said I.

"She has got to be promoted," said he in a distressed way. "It is impossible to keep her back. She is the most brilliant pupil in the class."

"Most brilliant in the class! What do you mean?"

"Her reading is so brilliant," said he, vaguely; "her composition work is so brilliant; her elocution is so brilliant."

"Oh, elocution!" I sniffed. "Katherine could always speak pieces. I hope you don't promote children for speaking pieces."

"But, Mrs. Dale," said he, "if you could have heard a recitation that I did the other day, you would understand why I say it is impossible not to promote Katherine. I stepped in just as her teacher was hearing a lesson in United States history. One paragraph in the book referred to the settlement of the Huguenots in the colonies, and said they were driven out of France by religious persecution. That was all it said. The question came to Katherine, 'Who were the Huguenots?' Mrs. Dale, I give you my word, I never heard anything like the recitation that girl made. She rose, faced the class, and told the story of the Huguenots. She told about Henry of Navarre and the Massacre of St. Bartholomew; about Jeanne d'Albret and Catherine de Medici, and she finished by giving 'Ivry' as I never heard it given before."

He gazed at me vacantly; there was a sort of exalted look on his face for a moment, and he murmured:

"Press where you see my white plume shine
amid the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of
Navarre."

He rose dejectedly.

"Couldn't you, Mrs. Dale," said he, hesitatingly, "couldn't you teach her the multiplication table this summer, so she could go on with her class in the fall? You've taught her so many other things that are not taught in school that I'm sure you can."

"We've paid school taxes a good many years," said I, grimly; "it seems a pity if

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I've got to do the teaching too. But I'll see what I can do."

"Do, Mrs. Dale, do," said he, eagerly, grabbing his hat. "Your daughter is such a genius."

There was that same word again. A genius. Well, if she was a genius, she could learn the multiplication table. The day after school was out I took her to her room, put the key in the outside of the lock, and talked to her as I never had before.

"You'll learn that multiplication table or you won't leave this room this summer," said I. "You'll learn it so you can say it upside down and hind side to. Don't tell me that a girl that can learn Shakespeare and 'Ivry' can't learn the multiplication table—a simple thing like that. It's just your meanness and willfulness. I'm not going to have any more nonsense. You've disgraced this family long enough."

I locked her door and put her meals in every day. Every day I went to hear her recite, and every day she did worse. At the end of a week she made more mistakes than she did the first day. Then she stopped eating. I left her two meal-times without any food to starve her to it, and then went in and found her unconscious. The doctor was called. He shook his head and advised us to send her to Maple Hollow and let her run wild all summer. As if she had ever done anything else!

That ended my attempts to discipline Katherine. It always came to the same thing. I could not control her without doing things that were too harsh and severe to do to any child. I stopped trying to make anything of her. I let her go her way and I went mine, and a coldness grew up between us. I never asked her anything about her affairs and she never told me anything.

The expense of keeping Rob in Harvard bore very heavily on us. In the spring of the year when she was sixteen Katherine came in one day and said in an offhand way: "I've got the district school at Knapp's Station. Two dollars a week and board around. The school keeps through May, June, and July. I can catch up with my class in August and go on with them in September. Rob's costing so much, I thought maybe that would help out."

Now that was very thoughtful of Katherine. Not one of the boys had been so thoughtful. But it spoiled it all to have her go off and get the school without saying a word to any one that way. I couldn't speak for a minute. Then I said, "How did you get the school?"

"Old man Knapp," she said, laconically. "He drives in every Saturday with a load of produce. I've known him ever since we moved to Wyburn. He's a funny old codger."

She gave that curious little grin of hers.

"How did you get a certificate to teach school?" said I.

"I took the county examinations when they were held two months ago in the court-house."

"How could you pass in arithmetic?" I asked.

"Oh, I slipped through," she remarked, coolly.

"Very well, Katherine," said I; "I hope you'll get through all right. But, remember, while you live at home I can keep other people from knowing your shiftless, untidy ways about your room and your clothes. But when you go living around in other people's houses they will know and talk about them."

At the end of July old man Knapp brought her home in his farm wagon. It was just like Katherine to ride through the streets of Wyburn in a lumber wagon. When she went upstairs, I asked him how she had got on. "Haw, haw, haw!" said he, yawping with laughter. "I dunno how how much they learned, but ye never see a passel o' kids so dead set on goin' t' skule. Ye cuddn't keep 'em to hum with a club. And that there last day of skule, ye never see sech a gang as turned out. The hull danged countryside from 'way over Massena way come to them there closin' exercises. They waz hangin' out o' the winders. Tell ye, Mis' Dale, that there girl o' yourn's a caution, she is. Ye can see the steam a-comin' outen her boot heels when she walks."

And I could hear him haw-hawing down the street as he drove away. I hadn't much idea whether Katherine had done well or not. There was always the same baffling character in reports of Katherine. People either thought she was no account at all or else something extraordinary and wonderful.

Katherine had her whole $24 in her pocket. She came and handed it out to me without a word, but it seemed to me there was a kind of a wistful look in her eyes. I believe I have always been a just woman.

"Katherine," said I, "you've been a good, thoughtful girl to do this. You've earned

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your own board for three months, and this $24 will buy your coat and dress for winter. That will help out your poor father wonderfully. Mr. Knapp speaks well of you, and I am glad you have done so well with your first school."

The tears sprang to her eyes and rolled down her thin, dark cheeks. I tried to put my arms around her, but she slipped away and ran out. Years after she told me that it was the first praise I had ever given her in my life, and it moved her so she had to go away and cry all alone.

During Katherine's last year in the high school an inter-high-school oratorical contest was arranged by the Board of State Regents at Albany. Each high school was to elect its orator, subject to the veto of the faculty. Then the high schools of each county were to hold contests. The winner in each county was to go to Albany for a grand State contest. The State winner was to have his expenses to Albany paid, and receive one year's tuition in any institution of higher learning he wished to name, and the school that sent him was to receive a gold medal.

The Wyburn high school instantly elected Katherine with a whoop. I was not surprised at this, nor was I surprised when she won the county contest. She could always do that sort of thing, and it was never any use or value that I could see. We were counting every penny to keep Rob in Harvard, and didn't know which way to turn to squeeze out her expenses to Albany. But we couldn't refuse her, and I think she would have walked to Albany if we had.

I wasn't surprised when she won, hands down. But, I own, I was surprised at the fuss they made over it. The New York papers had pieces about it, with her picture, that they took themselves. Wyburn went wild. To think that little Wyburn, 'way up in St. Lawrence County, had taken the medal away from Rochester and Buffalo and New York itself. Mr. Dale's office was full of business men who went to congratulate him. Strangers stopped me on the street to speak about it. The whole high school and the whole town met her at the depot when she came back. The high school children had fixed up a carriage all covered with flowers, and the boys dragged her home in it through the streets, the girls walking before in their white dresses, carrying the medal on a white silk cushion, and strewing flowers along the way, and all along the way the people cheering. Why, it was like the procession on one of those Greek vases.

Then the town had to hear the oration that won the prize. The high school auditorium wasn't big enough. The Opera-House was given to them free, and the whole town turned out. All the trustees and ministers and teachers sat on the platform, and Mr. Dale and I were invited to sit there too; but we wanted to sit down in front, where we could see her. She gave them the Albany oration, but that wasn't enough. She must give something else. So she gave—what do you think? Jean Poussin.

Jean Poussin was a shiftless, guzzling old Frenchman who had hung around Maple Hollow for years. He talked incessantly. His tongue was never still one minute.

Now I had never thought Jean Poussin was funny. I had just thought he was an old nuisance. But when Katherine began to talk exactly as he had, and tell those long, rambling stories of his precisely as he had, with the very accent, suddenly I saw that Jean Poussin was excruciatingly funny, and always had been.

Wyburn people knew the French type just as well as Maple Hollow did, and there were lots of people there who knew Jean Poussin himself. You never saw such a sight in your life. Bald-headed men mopped the tears off their faces. Fat old women rocked to and fro and held themselves where it hurt. I hadn't laughed so in years, and my laugh kind of squeaked where it hadn't been used.

Then it changed, and I began to feel sober and sad. Jean Poussin's little girl dies. Poor Jean Poussin! Was it like that? And I had never gone near. Never stepped inside the house. But that girl of mine had gone and heard it all, and it had laid in her mind like a strain of exquisite music, to come out years after and wring our hard hearts. I thought about my first little boy, that died before Rob was born, so many years ago, and of the little grave all alone down in the churchyard at Maple Hollow, and of how we must all go there, one by one, and lie down beside him. And I guess every grown-up person in the room thought of somebody they had dead. The tears were raining down their faces and the house was still as death, only now and then a stifled sob. And that girl of mine stood up there in the little ten-cent white lawn that I made her, with her beautiful velvet voice that filled every corner of the Opera-House, and just played

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on our heart-strings as some great player would play on a violin. Interpreter of life. That's what you were, my girl.

Well, for the first time I saw that I had a daughter to be proud of. I realized that she had a beautiful and extraordinary accomplishment. I couldn't see anything else in it. It would make her attractive and sought for, but it had no connection with the practical side of life. My idea was that Katherine would teach school for a few years and then marry. That seemed the natural and logical course of events.

But no. Katherine coolly informed us that she had chosen a year's tuition at the Boston School of Oratory, and would leave the first of September. Both of us thought it was a wild idea. The day had gone by when we could be sharp or authoritative with Katherine. But we explained it to her, kindly.

"If you must go to school any more, Katherine," said I, "why not go to the State Normal at Potsdam? That would give you a certificate to teach anywhere in the State, and you might even get into the New York City schools. But you can teach right here at Wyburn and live at home, without any more expense for schooling; and you have a good education already."

"Oh, well, if you're willing to give the money to Rob and not to me," said she, sticking out her under lip in that obstinate way she had.

Mr. Dale looked pained.

"Why, Katherine," said he, in that dear, kind way of his, "is it possible you think we give this money to Rob because we love him any more than we do you? Rob is going to be a lawyer—we hope, a brilliant lawyer. He has got to have this training. His whole future, his whole career, depends on it. But it's not the same with you. A course at the School of Oratory would be merely a cultivation of this beautiful gift of yours, without any return afterward. There is nothing I would like to do better, but I simply cannot afford it. I must keep my insurance paid up, to leave your mother a little something if I should die, and Rob and the family take all the rest."

He looked harassed, and my heart ached for him. But what did that girl say?

"Shucks!" said she. "Bet I could earn more money than Rob. I always beat him in school; why shouldn't I beat him outside?"

"I admit that you could learn the law as well as Rob," said her father. "I admit it. And in a trial case before a jury I believe you would be more effective than he. But no one would employ you, or very few. Business men, firms, and corporations who would employ Rob would refuse to employ you because you are a woman."

"But they won't refuse to hear me speak my pieces," said she. She waited a minute, and then, "People will pay to hear me speak my pieces." She looked at us with stubborn, defiant eyes, but there was a little quiver in her voice. She was alone against both of us.

Her idea was simply silly to us. In our whole lives we had never heard of any one earning a living speaking pieces.

"Do you want to be an actress, Katherine?" said her father. We both trembled for fear she did. We would have felt it a disgrace.

"N-no," said she, slowly. "I don't seem to see myself an actress. I just want to speak my pieces."

She rose and walked to the door. There she paused and looked back. "You needn't send me," said she; "I'll go myself."

And she did. She went calmly on and made her preparations and went to Boston that fall. What can you do with an eighteen-year-old daughter who refuses to obey? You can't whip her or lock her up. All you can do is to order her to leave your house, and that's just what we didn't want Katherine to do.

And where do you think she got her money? Old man Knapp lent it to her. Did you ever? Lent her five hundred dollars on her personal note, and he wouldn't have lent a cent to any man in Wyburn without demanding all the property he had in the world as security.

Men needn't talk to me about how they admire the domestic type of woman. I know better. It seemed to me all the boys in Wyburn were roosting on my front porch that summer. You couldn't turn around without stumbling over one of them. If one of them had got her, he'd have seen what a happy she'd have made him. I kept hoping she'd get engaged and marry instead of going off to Boston, though, I will confess, my heart smote me when I thought of letting any decent young fellow marry such a housekeeper as Katherine was, unwarned. But there was no danger. She went to Boston in the fall.

Well, Katherine never again asked us for any money. And two years later, when Mr.

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Dale died, it was Katherine, of all the children, that gave me a home. I had only my furniture, the old house at Maple Hollow, which brought me only ten dollars a month rent, and a few hundreds in cash. Rob was just out of law school and in the midst of his first hard struggle to get a foothold in the city. Edgar was married and settled in Wyburn, in insurance. To go into the home of a young married couple like that didn't appeal to me at all. One of the younger boys was in Ogdensburg, one in Buffalo, both on small salaries, neither prepared to set up housekeeping. But Katherine was insistent.

"Come, mother, come to Boston. I want you; I need you." She was at it day and night.

I made my next to the last appeal to her.

"If you will go back to Maple Hollow with me," said I, "we can live in the old house. It's mine, and will make a home for us as long as we live. You can always teach in the Maple Hollow school, and I can get summer boarders. We won't have much, but we never need fear want as long as we live. We will be perfectly safe."

She was a stone to all my pleading, and finally, against all my better judgment, I went to Boston.

With old man Knapp's money she had rented and furnished a flat, and let rooms to girl students. By working mornings and nights out of school she managed to pay her rent and feed herself. For her clothes and Mr. Knapp's interest, which she always paid, she depended on chance readings, for which she was paid from three to ten dollars. She slept on a lounge in her kitchen, and had no other place to wash and dress herself. Imagine that for a girl brought up like Katherine!

I took hold and made her and the house comfortable. She was half nourished, working on nerve; she didn't know enough to cook properly for herself. Then we took a larger and better flat and served meals. People liked my cooking. I got a class of boarders who could pay well. I took care of her clothes. I was with her through all those struggling early years.

The last appeal I ever made to Katherine was when she graduated from the school. Ruelstein, the head of the great bureau of lectures and amusement features, wanted her to sign with him for five years at twenty-five dollars a week. I thought our fortunes were made. I had never known a woman in my life who made twenty-five dollars a week. Teachers in the Maple Hollow school got twenty dollars a month, at Wyburn forty dollars. And to think of having it sure for the next five years! She sat silent and preoccupied. When I finally grasped the fact that she didn't mean to take it, I turned white.

"If Ruelstein is willing to sign me for five years," she said, "and run all risks of my failure and non-employment, it's because he's pretty sure of making a big profit off me. Why shouldn't I make that profit myself? Why should I make profits for Ruelstein?"

"But, Katherine, five years—" said I.

"That's just it," said she. "If he wasn't so anxious for a five year contract, I wouldn't be so suspicious. He's terribly keen to get a mortgage on my future."

"But, Katherine, how can you be sure that you'll do better alone?"

"I can't be sure. That is, I'm sure of my work, but not of the publicity and business end of it. I'll have to take a chance."

"But how can you have such confidence in yourself as to take that chance?"

"She looked at me out of those inscrutable dark eyes of hers and said:

"I have to have it. Nobody else has it. There's nobody to give me courage but myself."

There was a look in her face like the time she gave me the twenty-four dollars. I believe I am a just woman. I said:

"Katherine, you've never done one single thing I wanted you to. You've persisted in this whole thing against all my judgment. And I'm bound to say that it's all turned out well. Ruelstein offers you more to-day than you would have got in twenty years of teaching school. Now, if your judgment tells you to refuse it, do it. I'll back you in everything you do. I guess you know your own business better than I do."

The rare tears that Katherine shed so seldom welled slowly up to her eyes. She put her head on my shoulder and said: "Oh, mother, you don't know what it means to have you say that! It's been so hard to do it all alone, without any one to believe in me. If you'll only believe in me, mother, I can do double what I can alone."

She went and told Ruelstein that she was thinking of starting a club woman's lecture bureau, and that some rich Boston club women were ready to back her. Katherine could always lie when she considered it necessary. Ruelstein billed a good many attrac-

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tions before women's clubs. Eventually she signed with him for one year at fifty dollars a week.

Well, it isn't necessary to give each year after that. A thousand dollars a week for an average of twenty weeks in the year—Katherine made that for years. I traveled with her in those days. I made a home for her wherever she stopped. I took care of her like a child. She liked to have me. She always said nobody else made her comfortable.

I took care of her clothes. And *such* clothes! How could I ever have thought Katherine a homely child? She is the most glorious, elegant, beautiful creature on the stage! That thin, sharp profile of hers is like a cameo; her hair a mass of dusky night; her dark eyes shine like stars; and the trailing folds of lustrous satin sweep downward from her bust, held there by a great flashing diamond sunburst or some old Oriental clasp of beaten gold, with her lovely head rising above like one of those colored Italian statues on a pedestal.

An artist sketches a dress for her just as she wants it. Then a swell dressmaker makes it, and never charges a cent. Her name on Katherine's programmes is enough. And I worried so because Katherine would never learn to sew!

I have seen three thousand people swayed by her words as the wind sways the ripe wheat in August; moved till the very fountains of mirth gush forth in Niagaras of laughter; moved till the unspoken depths of the human heart are stirred, and each man's private grief reaches up to clutch his throat with icy fingers.

"I don't seem to see myself an actress. I just want to speak my pieces."

She has spoken her pieces around the world.

She adds constantly. Life is her school, and the human race her teachers. She gets materials from street cars, from store counters, from mining camps, and from great city hotels. With cosmopolitan audiences she always has the last cry in humor—clever, subtle, timely things on politics or city life.

Her college-boy pieces—she got those from Rob and his friends when he was in Harvard. She comes out as a college boy; not a ballet girl dressed up for a boy, but an actual, sure-enough young dude of a junior. When she gave that series at Harvard, the students nearly had convulsions. She takes off the President of the United States. She learned the Southern darky when she was down there—went and sat around in their cabins, just as she used to with the Indians and gypsies.

But for the great staple, basic fabric of her evenings, where do you think she goes? Back to Maple Hollow. You know her children's pieces; they're all patented—I mean copyrighted. And they're nothing but the Maple Hollow children. I can recognize the village children, the French children, her teachers, old man Knapp, her brothers, and me, her own mother. The favorite of them all is the Shakespeare in the barn. Her version of the plays in itself almost kills people that know Shakespeare, and she finishes with that calf's blood story with the butcher boy's face—the very face of a little boy convulsed with rage. How Katherine can make such faces I don't know.

The Indians, the gypsies, all the low folks that ever traipsed through Maple Hollow, she repeats, and, most of all, Jean Poussin. Jean Poussin's wanderings from Quebec to Platts burg, and Plattsburg to Norwood, and Norwood to Potsdam, and Potsdam to the lumber camps; Jean Poussin's adventures and ideas in general on American and French-Canadian civilization. Jean Poussin's little girl that died—they want it over and over again. Jean Poussin took us to Paris. She gave the series in costume—my goodness, it was Jean Poussin come to life!—and in that Canuck French she learned years ago in the French houses in Maple Hollow. In between she would give explanations in France French, and those very scholarly newspapers they have in Paris, that give literary essays instead of news, said that it was left for a foreigner to make the French-Canadian type known in Paris; and that no foreigner had ever spoken such pure and perfect French from the public platform in Paris. Katherine could always learn anything connected with language. That bout of hers and mine over the multiplication table was a thing we did not refer to for years after. But once, in later life, I asked her when and how she ever learned it, and she said the Latin in the high school taught it to her. If you can make any sense of that, you're welcome. I can't.

London went wild over her darky pieces, and she cake-walked—well, I don't know how Katherine can dance so, she that was never allowed to dance. Dancing wasn't respectable in Maple Hollow. The Duchess of Bellminster had her for a house party.

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Prince and Princess Borghese took her motoring in Algiers. Queen Alexandra gave her a diamond bracelet.

Then there was our trip around the English-speaking world. We didn't make so much money on that, but the name of Katherine Dale is as well known in Honolulu and Manila, in South Africa and Australia, as it is in Boston. Wherever she went, after she had been there a little while, she would give them something local. Her back bush and "new chum" pieces have become a part of Australian literature. As she ranged the country around Maple Hollow, so she ranged the world in her wander years.

Finally came her marriage. When I was a girl, a girl was an old maid at twenty-five and it was flung in her face. Katherine had been an old maid a long time by my count, but someway the name fell flat. I thought a good deal about her marrying at first. When I was young, a girl grabbed the first chance she got—unless the man was a drunkard or something like that—and thanked God for it. It made my blood run cold to see how Katherine refused men—counts and princes and smart Americans. Then, after a while, I didn't think any more about it. What man was big enough for Katherine, and what one house could hold her?

Suddenly she did it, after refusing eleven men, to my certain knowledge. And Randolph is certainly a prince among men, and worships the ground she walks on; and, though he isn't in the multi-billionaire class, he could buy the whole of Wyburn and forget what he spent the money for. It was through him and his friends that Rob built up the splendid practice he has.

They have two lovely children. The girl is like him, but the boy is just such another long-legged, stramming, obstinate thing as Katherine was. But do you think I worry, after bringing up Katherine?

Katherine still appears several weeks each year. But she gives it all away. She kept that last shirt-waist girls' strike going. She financed the suffrage campaign in Montana. She gave Maple Hollow a beautiful public library; and she gave one to Knapp Station, and named it after old man Knapp.

Since Katherine has turned out the way she has I've thought a good deal about my sister-in-law, Cora Dale. She was twenty years older than my husband, and died when I was a child. There were bad stories whispered about that woman. They said she was a wild girl, and a terribly bad housekeeper. Her husband was a rough sort of man, and they quarreled frightfully. Once she ran away from him and got a job as stewardness on a St. Lawrence River steamer. Her father followed and brought her back, and it was hushed up.

At last she "turned sullen," as they put it; fell into a kind of settled melancholy; wouldn't speak for weeks at a time. When she finally turned her face to the wall and died, every one felt a sort of relief.

She was the skeleton in the closet of my husband's family, and we seldom spoke of her. But here lately I've wondered if she wasn't another Katherine. Environment was too strong for her. She couldn't break through. By the time Katherine got along times had changed so that it was possible for her to win through and live the life she wanted. Poor Cora Dale! Did Katherine have to live and go through all her hard times before we could understand you?

Still, I am a just woman. I have a right to be just to myself. There was nothing in my experience to indicate that my daughter was going to earn twenty thousand dollars a year speaking pieces. I could not know that she was going to coin the ne'er-do-wells of Maple Hollow into gold and fame. I tried the best I could to bring her up according to the standards of my day and place, and I don't know as I was to blame for it, though I have shed salt tears over it many a time.

We had a heart-to-heart talk once, Katherine and I. We both cried, and in those tears the last trace of bitterness was washed away. I asked her to forgive me for all the years I was so hard on her. And she said: "Why, mother, you were the best mother any child ever had, and I was a rotten mean kid. I thank God every day of my life that you didn't die, like father, before I had time to make it up to you."

One day I sat mending a pair of her silk stockings. She would toss them away the first hole that came in them, but I couldn't bear to see such waste.

"Ah, my dear," said I, "after all, you wouldn't have made a very good poor man's wife, would you?

"I don't see why," said she, promptly; "I think I would have made a first-class poor man's wife. I would make twenty thousand dollars and set him up in business."

And that's exactly what she would do.

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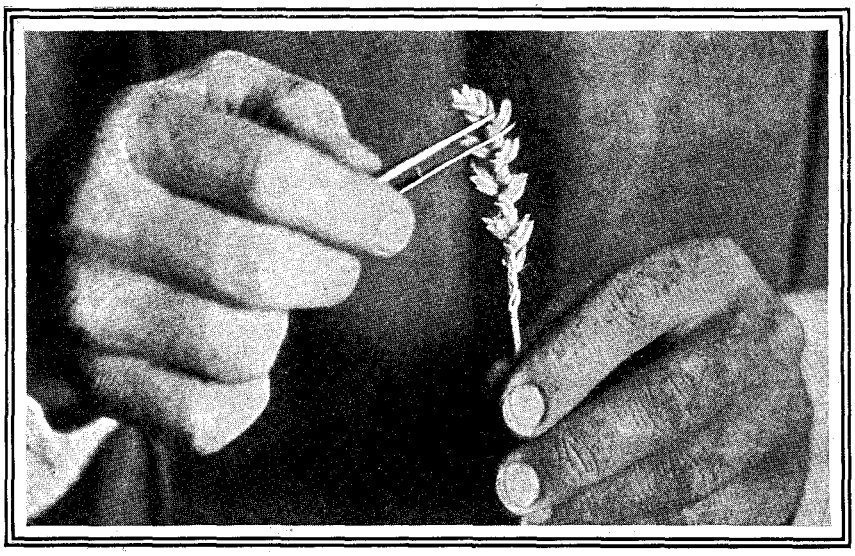

HYBRIDIZING WHEAT

Harnessing Heredity

THE NEW SCIENCE OF GENETICS, WHICH HAS CREATED NEW ANIMALS AND PLANTS TO ORDER

BY WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

FAR more profitable and surer than panning gold-bearing sand in an icy Alaskan stream or buying stocks on margin and selling them at the full tide of the market is a new business which commercially applies the principles of genetics. Genetics is a new name coined to designate a new science—the science of so molding germ plasm that it will bring forth a type of organism better adapted to human needs than any similar type the world has ever known.

The average weight of the fleece shorn from an American sheep has been increased thirty-five per cent. Judiciously spent, the sum of ten thousand dollars has given this country a new variety of wheat that has already covered five million acres with crops worth two dollars an acre more than the variety it displaced. Sea Island cotton has a fiber with a maximum length of two and one-half inches; fifty years ago the staple had a length of only one and one-half inches. Sugar beets are raised with a constant sugar content of twenty-one per cent; formerly the sugar content was as low as five per cent. These are but a few of a thousand instances in which the principles of the new science, genetics, have been profitably applied.

It must not be supposed that genetics is merely a new name for what was once called "breeding." Its methods may be the same, but its principles are entirely new. The word "breeding" cannot express the scope of this new achievement in biology—it is too indefinite, too narrow. To include all that is implied by the science of consciously artificially improving a strain with the mathematical certainty that the desired organism will be obtained the word genetics had to be invented.

The new science makes it possible to create a living organism to order, whether it be a better beer-producing microbe or a stronger type of elephant, an albino rat or an iridescent butterfly, a cold-resisting wheat or a finer and glossier ostrich plume, a fever-resisting steer or a radically new type of honeysuckle. Give him an opportunity, and the genetic scientist, at your command, will change the Ethiopian's skin and remove the leopard's spots. He has discovered that heredity obeys certain laws just as surely as gravitation; that, indeed, heredity is a great natural

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force which can be subjugated and made to do useful work.

To the genetic scientist germ plasm, in which all the potentialities of heredity are locked up, is what bronze is to the sculptor, stone to the architect, pigments to the painter. By manipulating it knowingly, the lines of a horse can be given the graceful curves of an Arabian charger, the petals of a morning-glory can be spotted and tinted as deftly as with a brush, and the useless horns of a cow can be magically removed with the certainty that they will never reappear in that particular blood. But, mold germ plasm as he will, the scientist has not yet discovered how its immortal substance, confined within a cell so minute that powerful lenses must be used to magnify it into visibility, performs the miracle of unfolding into an oak or a sheep, a glittering dragonfly or a hissing serpent. Stored up in the germ plasm is a force that is mysteriously directed to produce first the tap-root of a plant, which invariably pierces its way down into the earth, then a stem that just as invariably grows up straight into the sunshine and eventually ramifies into branches and leaves, fruit and seed, of a definite form, color, and chemical composition. What is this force? Chemical energy, some say; but that does not tell us how the wonder is wrought. After all, we may harness primal forces, but how they originated, how they became endowed almost with a consciousness of their own, we may never know. We light houses and drive machinery with electricity, yet the very definition of electricity changes with each new discovery of its properties. We have, mathematically at least, so far controlled gravitation that when a periodic comet is discovered we have only to watch it for three successive nights in order to determine almost to the minute when it will sweep around the sun and when it will reappear to the eyes of future generations. And we have learned how to control heredity, so that, step by step, we are able to produce organisms that yesterday were unknown. For all that, the nature of the force we call heredity is as veiled to us as the nature of electricity and gravitation.

The Newton of heredity, the man who discovered its laws, was Gregor Mendel, a monk, who died in 1884, a patient, self-effacing

TWINS—PRODUCT OF GENETICS. SHEEP AT THE RIGHT—SHEEP-GOAT HYBRID AT THE LEFT

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A HYBRID PIG, SHOWING THE DOMINANCE OF THE HAMPSHIRE STRIPE

scientist whose work was ignored or overlooked until 1900. In the cloister gardens of Brünn, Mendel conducted experiments with the edible pea—experiments which are now regarded as classic, and which resulted in the discovery of the laws of heredity that now bear his name. Given certain characteristics of two parents, whether they be plants or animals, and it is possible by Mendel's laws to state accurately how the offspring will inherit those characteristics.

The Andalusian fowl, for example, may be either pure black or pure white, splashed perhaps here and there. Each variety breeds "true," in breeder's parlance; in other words, black parents invariably produce black offspring, and white parents white offspring. Cross a black and a white fowl, and the result will be grayish-blue chicks, as might be supposed. It might also be supposed that were these grayish-blue fowls inbred we would obtain merely another generation of grayish-blues. Experience teaches otherwise. One-half of the chicks will be grayish blue, like their parents; one-quarter will be *pure white*, like one of their grandparents; one-quarter will be *pure black*, like the other of their grandparents. Continue the process of inbreeding for another generation—that is, breed the blacks together, the whites together, and the grayish-blues together, and you will find this: the blacks will always produce blacks; the whites will always produce whites; but the hybrid grayish-blues will always produce one-half grayish-blues, one-quarter pure whites, and one-quarter pure blacks. In other words, Mendel discovered that an absolutely pure strain may descend from a hybrid, contrary to general belief, and that a hybrid in which two characteristics are combined will transmit the combination only to a certain proportion of the offspring.

The case of the Andalusian fowl is the simplest that occurs among animals. When a pure black and a pure white guinea-pig are mated, the offspring will not be partly white and partly black, but entirely black. For all their blackness, the hybrid offspring have a white strain, which is masked by the black and which manifests itself in the next generation when they are inbred. That next generation will consist of one-quarter pure black guinea-pigs (like one grandparent), one-quarter pure white guinea-pigs (like the other grandparent), and one-half hybrid black guinea-pigs, thus strictly following the law. The pure blacks will always produce pure blacks when mated with pure blacks; the

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pure whites will similarly always produce pure whites when mated; but the hybrid blacks will always produce one-half hybrid blacks, one-quarter pure whites, and one-quarter pure blacks. In these hybrids the conspicuous black color is said to be "dominant" and the masked white "recessive."

There must be something in the original germ plasm that caused the pure black Andalusian fowl or the pure black guinea-pig to produce only black offspring—just what we can only surmise. For the time being, the presence or absence in the germ cell of a hypothetical "determiner," as it is called, is supposed to govern the inheritance of simple characteristics. The cells of black Andalusian fowl and black guinea-pigs have a determiner for color; the cells of white fowl or white guinea-pigs lack it. Similarly, in long-haired Angora goats or sheep the determiner that arrests hair growth is absent. Hybrid guinea-pigs or hybrid Andalusian fowl are developed from cells one-half of which are provided with a determiner for color, and the other half of which are without it. Hence the apparent blending of characters in the hybrid. In the next generation of inbred hybrids the determiner accompanies all the germ cells of one-quarter of the offspring, thus yielding a pure black grandparental type in the case of the guinea-pig and Andalusian fowl; while in another quarter the determiner is totally lacking, thus yielding a pure white grandparental type in the case of the white Andalusian fowl and the white guinea-pig. The hybrids will always be developed from cells one-half lacking the determiner and one-half provided with it. Each characteristic has its special determiner in the cell. Thus presence or absence of a particular determiner is responsible for length of hair, color of eyes, absence of horns in cattle, the form of a cock's comb, the waltzing habit of Japanese mice, the extra toe in some cats, the short tail of the Manx cat, the susceptibility to certain diseases as well as immunity to others, the face color of sheep, and many other traits. Whether the experimenter works with guinea-pigs or wheat, primroses or cattle, moths or horses, hybrids always produce a certain number of individuals absolutely pure in strain; and some characteristics will always be dominant, while others will always be recessive.

The genetic scientist manipulates not simply a single character, but many. Mendel himself handled seven in making his classic experiments with peas—characters such as height (tallness or shortness), shape of ripe seeds (round or wrinkled), color of ripe seed cotyledons (yellow or green), seed-coat color (white or gray, with or without purple spots), texture of the ripe peas (hard and inflated or soft and constricted), color of the unripe pods (green or yellow), and arrangement of flowers on the stem. Any pair of these opposing characteristics is transmitted to the next generation in definite math-

HYBRIDIZING WHEAT. REMOVING ALTERNATE MESHES OF WHEAT HEAD

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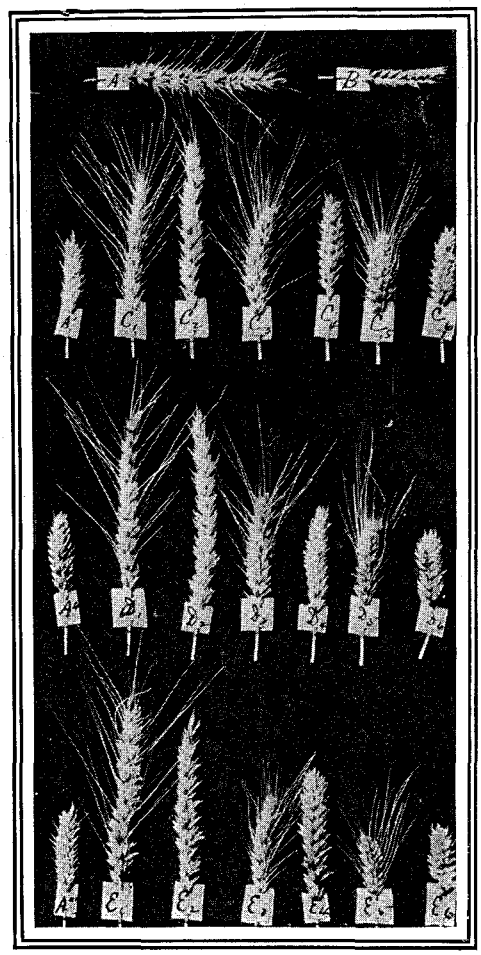
ematical ratio without any relation whatever to any other pair of characters. What is still more important, Mendel discovered that if the second generation of a hybrid is sufficiently numerous, there will be found in it every possible grouping or combination of the characters of the original parents. By recombination it is possible to obtain a pure strain in which those characters are to be found that are desired. The process bears a certain resemblance to chemical synthesis.

A chemist will tell you that water is a combination of hydrogen and oxygen in certain atomic proportions, designated in his familiar formula H_2O. He will also tell you that the same gases combine to make hydrogen peroxide, but in different atomic proportions, so that the formula of the compound reads H_2O_2. The unit characters of a plant or an animal are similarly conceived and manipulated. The genetic scientist combines them in one way or separates them and recombines them in another way almost as readily as a chemist his elements. The uninformed man recognizes a physical difference between a Percheron draft horse and a 2:10 trotter, but to the Mendelian each is a combination of so many characters—ears that are thin and pointed or coarse and thick, heads that are clean and small or heavy and large, necks that are long or short, feet that are flat or mulish, knees that are straight or calfish, color that is chestnut or gray. The genetic scientist does not cultivate simply wheat, corn, or apples, but Dawson's Golden Chaff wheat, Leaming corn, or Baldwin apples. He has given us hundreds of named races of corn and wheat and over a thousand named varieties of apples.



A—Valley, male parent. B—Little Club, female parent. A1, A2, A3—Hybrids (A x B). C1 to C6—First generation from A1. D1 to D6—First generation from A2. E1 to E6—First generation from A3

TWO GENERATIONS OF HYBRID WHEATS PRODUCED AT THE WASHINGTON STATE EXPERIMENT STATION. SOME OF THESE ARE NOW STANDARD VARIETIES IN WASHINGTON STATE

An excellent example of the method in which plants are created to order is to be found in the splendid work that Professor W. J. Spillman, of the Department of Agriculture, did while agriculturist of the State Experiment Station at Pullman, Washington, in developing a variety of wheat suitable for the climatic conditions of eastern Washington, eastern Oregon, and northern Idaho—one of the great wheat-growing regions of the world. After trying all possible kinds of wheat, with many failures, the farmers of that country selected a tight-chaff, strong-strawed variety called Little Club. In all other sorts the straw was so weak that rainstorms would blow it down, and the chaff would spread, so that the grain would fall out, especially in a wind. Little Club is a spring wheat, but the farmers raised it in winter because they had found by experience that when wheat in their soil is sown in the fall it will yield much more grain than if sown in the spring. Hence they took the chance that Little Club would survive the winter. This it did perhaps two out of every three years; but in that third year it would freeze. The farmers would all have to replant in the spring. Obviously a wheat was wanted that would have all the good qualities of Little Club and that would stand the rigors of winter. Professor Spillman undertook to fill the order. Success was achieved by

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crossing the best winter wheats with Little Club and then selecting from the hybrids those strains which, after recombination, promised to yield the desired strong-strawed winter variety. At that time Mendel's laws had not been rediscovered, but Professor Spillman found them out for himself and proceeded to apply them. In a few seasons he had not only obtained the variety wanted but produced a variety which yielded a grain worth two or three cents a bushel more than the old Little Club.

Similarly, Professor Herbert J. Webber, of Cornell University, in experimenting with timothy, has produced a number of new varieties, seventeen of which yielded eight hundred and fifty-one pounds an acre more than could be obtained from the best seed sold in the market. In 1911 these same varieties gave an average increase yield, he assures us, of three thousand and sixty-two pounds an acre, and four of the best varieties each an increase of two tons an acre over ordinary timothy. In the section of the country in which the experiments were conducted the average yield is less than one and a half tons an acre. Two tons is considered a good crop.

The significance of Professor Webber's work may be gathered by considering a few statistics. Hay is one of the largest crops in the United States. The crop of 1910, grown on 45,691,000 acres, was worth $747,769,000 at the farm. If, Professor Webber has estimated, one-third of this was timothy, then the annual timothy crop of the country is worth probably $249,000,000. In two years his new sorts gave an average yield of slightly over thirty-six and three-fifths per cent above ordinary timothy. Therefore, he concludes, $90,000,000 is the annual gain in the value of the crop which would be obtained if his new varieties were planted throughout the country.

The principles of genetics, intelligently applied, are giving the South and Southwest a type of cattle resistant to fever. It was found that the Brahmin cattle of India were inhospitable to the tick that carries the fever germs which have played such havoc with Texas cattle. A cross was made between Brahmin and Texas cattle, with the result that a type is produced which remains free from insects, while other animals in the same pasture are literally covered. So, too, the Karakul sheep of Russia has been introduced into Texas for the sake of its furlike fleece.

In 1911 the United States produced 160,240,000 bushels of barley, more than 13,500,000 less than in 1910. The decline was due in part to the objections raised by threshing crews against the barley beards, and in part to the fact that, while cattle readily ate the straw, the beards affected them injuriously. Evidently a good beardless barley would meet all requirements. Under the direction of Mr. H. B. Derr, of the United States Department of Agriculture, two new beardless winter barleys have been produced for the Southern States. If these varieties are changed into a spring form for Northern cultivation, by applying Mendel's laws, the total production of barley in the United States would increase twenty-five per cent and at least $24,000,000 would be pocketed by American farmers.

It requires rare skill to select from thousands of hybrids the particular specimens that embody the qualities sought. Professor Webber, in carrying out the timothy experiments previously referred to, succeeded in obtaining hybrids in which twenty-eight characters were distinguishable, all capable of segregation. Twenty-eight does not seem a large number; but the combinations attainable with twenty-eight characters are stupendous. If Professor Webber had confined himself to two characters, such as tallness or shortness of growth, earliness or lateness of ripening, four pure types would have been obtained. If he had experimented with three pairs, he could have produced eight types. Whenever he added a new pair of characters he doubled the number of possible pure types obtainable. Hence twenty-eight character pairs would yield no less than 268,435,456 possible varieties of timothy. That staggering number could have been grown had there been any good reason for doing so; and, what is more, each one of these millions would have differed from every other by one distinct trait and would have reproduced true to its own seed. Surely it is no easy task to divine which among a vast number of character combinations is the particular one that will make a desert bloom or that will save a frigid country from starvation. Once the sought-for combination is obtained, the thousands of specimens in which other combinations appear are forthwith consigned to the bonfire.

Many of the old-time breeders were aware of the fact that hybrids could be split up into pure types, but they did not understand the

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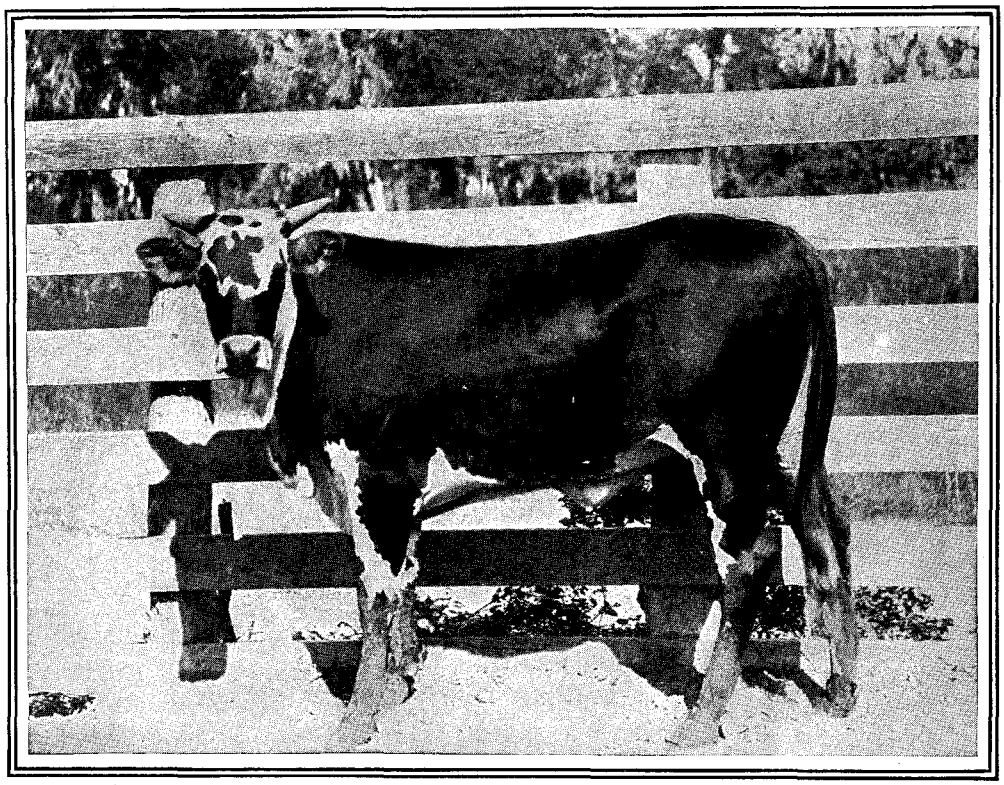

THESE CATTLE AND THEIR HYBRIDS WITH AMERICAN CATTLE ARE IMMUNE TO THE TICK FEVER. LARGE NUMBERS OF THESE HYBRIDS ARE BEING PRODUCED IN TEXAS

underlying principles and had no conception of the almost infinite possibilities that hybridization opens up. Ephraim Bull, for example, worked long before the days of Mendelism, yet gave the world the Concord grape, now found in nearly every vineyard. Although he enriched the world by millions, he died in poverty, thereby living up to the best traditions of all innovators, whether they be poets or inventors, political reformers or breeders. Peter Gideon spent his last dollar of borrowed money against the advice and pleading of his wife, Wealthy, to buy apple seed. He chopped wood for groceries, but he lived to create a hardy apple which has earned riches for the farmers of the Northwest and which he christened the "Wealthy" apple, perhaps as a reminder that a wife is not always to be heeded. Who can tell how much more quickly and surely Bull and Gideon would have reached their desired fruits had the science of genetics been established in their day?

Now that genetics can be applied to create almost any desirable living form, how shall the farmer be induced to abandon his showring and county-fair standards of excellence and to strive for better heredity values? The American Breeders' Association has attacked the problem and has proposed an ingenious solution. To nearly fifty committees of the Association has been referred the task of breeding more desirable plants and animals. Thus, as the result of an investigation made in the co-operative breeding of animals, the United States Department of Agriculture and several experiment stations have instituted what is known as co-operative circuit breeding. Co-operating breeders (groups of ten or twenty farmers living near one another) own the animals and breed them under the guidance of a circuit superintendent, paid by the State Experiment Station and the Department of Agriculture. When one breeder drops out of the group, another can be elected to take his place. The best animals owned by the breeders must be of approved stock and must not be sold except to other members of the circuit; for it is important that a herd should not be dispersed. Other animals can be sold outside of the circuit.

Two co-operative circuit breeding associ-

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ations have already been successfully established. In Minnesota an effort is being made to produce a breed of Shorthorn cattle which will restore some of the lost milking quality of the breed, made too exclusively a beef breed in the old unscientific days. In North Dakota a group of farmers, mostly of German descent, is likewise improving Holstein-Friesian cattle.

Perhaps the most ambitious effort to interest farmers in the new science is that made by Professor C. L. Williams and his associates. In Ohio they have organized a corn breeders' association covering nearly the whole State. Thousands of farmers are producing pedigreed corn according to Professor Williams's plan, with the object of adding ten bushels to the yield of each corn-breeding acre in Ohio. That increased yield on four million acres will be worth $20,000,000 annually.

The field in which the genetic scientist may work is almost limitless. Very few of the higher and more useful forms of animal life, in which we must include mammals and birds, have been domesticated. How many of the five thousand species of mammals classified by zoölogists have been tamed to serve man? Only a paltry twenty-five Fewer still are the species of birds that have been subjugated. Indeed, not in five hundred years has any important increase been made to our small list of domestic animals. In the plant world, on the other hand, new useful varieties have been created by the thousands. Now that the laws of heredity are understood the animal breeder will be able to emulate the plant breeder.

Young as the science of genetics is, it is already of vast economic importance to the world. We have only begun to apply it to increase the amount of food and raiment which we require. More will be demanded of genetic practitioners in the future. The population of the United States is growing at the rate of over forty-three hundred souls a day and over sixteen hundred thousand a year. By the end of the present century we must be able to feed two hundred millions. The task of feeding that host will fall to the lot of fifty million farm people. They will accomplish it, not by opening up new lands, but by harnessing the wonderful, powerful forces of heredity.

THE DIVINE ANSWER

BY MARY ISABELLA FORSYTH

We asked that he might live:—Eternal Love
From out the fullness of his boundless store
Hath granted him to share the life above,
"Alive for evermore."

We asked for health:—and faith can almost see
His radiant face, his movements swift and strong;
With every power quickened, joyously
His soul is breathing song.

We prayed at last that he again might come
To see the home that he had held so dear:—
And peacefully he reached a fairer Home,
And dearer—but not here.

O Wisdom infinite and Love supreme!
This light on sorrow, care, and doubt is thrown—
Beyond our prayers, our hopes, our brightest dream,
What God doth give his own.

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Tales Out of Court

BY FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

WITH DRAWINGS BY GORDON GRANT

SECOND TALE

The Top of the Calendar

AT its best the lobby of the Reeve House could not be truthfully described as cozy. On winter evenings, with the visiting court crowd seated around the old wood stove, it was cheery, but warmth was about the only comfort it supplied. The memory of those joyous occasions, however, so completely transfigured it in the eyes of its devotees that they would probably have resented the introduction of modern improvements had their host been inclined to such sacrilege. But Old Man Reeve had apparently never contemplated any change in the severe simplicity of his private forum since the day he had hung the framed lithograph of the Bar of Fraser County to one of its yellowing walls, and that lone effort at adornment was beyond the recollection of most of those who now attended the sessions of the Circuit Court at Belo.

But, bare and uninviting as the lobby usually was, it never seemed quite so hopelessly crude or so shamelessly dilapidated as it did when the first light of dawn streaked through its shop-like windows, revealing the "clothes-pole" columns supporting the papered ceiling, the dead stove powdered with ashes, the mournful circle of empty chairs, the displaced tables, the scattered trunks, the unswept floor, and all its other uglinesses in the disarray of recent occupation. Fortunately, the only person subjected to the depressing influence of the place at that gray hour was usually proof against it, for Zeb Turner, the fire-maker and handy man of the Reeve House, was a cheerful youth who generally whistled as he worked. On the morning appointed for the trial of Gedney's case, however, Zeb was not in his happiest mood, for he had lost some of his night's sleep in listening to the lawyers discuss the exciting possibilities of the impending legal battle.

All Fraser County was interested in Gedney's long fight against the Farm Supply Company, which had developed from a trade war into a litigation involving the very existence of Gedney's firm, and the lay public quite generally sympathized with the frail little old man who for more than a year had been struggling to gain a hearing in the court. The legal experts in the lobby, of course, followed every move with equally keen attention, but it was the professional aspect of the controversy, and not its merits, that appealed to their imagination. To most of them the practice of the law had long since become a great game whose main attraction centered in the tactics of the players; and the opposing counsel in the case at bar had certainly afforded them a diverting spectacle. Indeed, Mr. Artemus Peck, the Supply Company's attorney, had more than justified his State-wide reputation as an expert in the law's delays, and it had begun to look as though the powerful corporation he represented could never be brought to bay. But Gedney's champion, Richard Poinder, had unexpectedly cornered it at last, with the

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result that it had summoned Wallace Dunham, one of the leaders of the metropolitan Bar, to its aid. The news of this formidable reinforcement had created a sensation in Belo, for Dunham, otherwise known as "the Resurrectionist," was a jurist whose appearance in a remote circuit like that of Fraser County was quite sufficient to set the local world agog.

It was no wonder, therefore, that Zeb Turner had remained until nearly midnight within earshot of the legal strategists convened around the lobby stove. Neither was it surprising that he had risen earlier than usual with the idea of finishing his tasks in time to witness the coming fray, and it was probably his loss of sleep, combined with the raw chill of the morning air, that dampened his normally buoyant spirits and toned his whistle to a minor key. Certainly the sound of the drizzling rain on the moisture-screened window-panes, the wintry blackness of the sky, and the stale atmosphere of the lobby were depressing enough to lower any one's vitality; but as the boy paused, shivering and yawning, on the threshold, he was conscious of an uncomfortable feeling that could not be attributed to his dismal surroundings. For a few moments he was utterly unable to fathom his sensations, and then it gradually dawned upon him that he was afraid—afraid that the room which ought to have been vacant was inhabited, and that somewhere in the darkness something or somebody was watching his every movement. As if in response to this dread impression, he tiptoed across the floor, his rubber boots making little or no sound, and paused near the office desk in a listening attitude. Hearing nothing, he noiselessly opened the stove door, deposited his bundle of paper and kindling, and peered apprehensively into the gloom as he fumbled in his pocket for a match. When he found it, however, instead of striking it as usual on the metal floor-shield at his feet, he stroked it cautiously against the inner lapel of his coat, and, shading the smoldering stick with his hand, raised it above his head. For a second or two the glow of the burning sulphur served only to intensify the darkness, but as the wood caught fire big shadows began to dance upon the walls, and in the flickering light Zeb saw something that held him open-mouthed and staring. Behind one of the writing-tables at the far side of the room stood a small, gray-haired man attired in his night-clothes and dressing-gown, nervously arranging bundles of papers and packages of books, first on one side of the table and then on the other, his hands trembling with excitement, his head vibrating as with palsy, his mouth set in a hideously ingratiating grin, and his eyes wide open but as unseeing as the blind.

The match in the boy's hands scorched his fingers before he dropped it, blotting out the startling figure, but he continued to stare in its direction as he crouched and, groping behind him for his lantern, drew it to him and lighted it solely by the sense of touch. Then he raised it above his head, and its glow apparently attracted the attention of the man behind the table, for he turned toward it, glaring savagely like a hunted animal and shielding his litter of books and papers with outspread arms. Then he suddenly turned away with a snarl and recommenced the hurried, nervous shifting of his documents. One glance had been sufficient for Zeb to identify the man, and, with a half-suppressed exclamation of alarm, he swung on his heel and, dashing upstairs, hammered at the nearest bedroom door, which promptly opened, disclosing Old Man Reeve partly dressed and apparently in the act of shaving.

"Hello, Zeb!" he drawled. "What's the matter with you? House on fire, or what?"

"Matter enough, Pete!" panted the boy. "Old Mr. Gedney's downstairs in his nightshirt fussin' with his books and papers, and actin' that wild he's got me 'most scared to death."

Startling as the information was, it did not disturb the serenity of Peter Reeve's round, good-natured face.

"Sho!" he muttered, musingly. "I kinder thought they'd git Dave all worked up 'fore they wuz through last night. But there ain't no sense in your gittin' flustered about it. He's probably walkin' in his sleep and dreamin' that his case is bein' tried. I'll go down and 'tend to him just soon's I kin git my clothes on. Meanwhile you go and rout out Lawyer Poinder, but don't raise the hull house doin' it. Understand? Then jump, son!"

The boy sped down the narrow hallway and the hotel proprietor re-entered his room, emerging again just as Zeb hove in sight, followed by a tall, keen-faced, clean-shaven man, slightly beyond middle age, alert and active in every movement.

"Well? More trouble, Pete?" he queried, as he greeted his host.

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"HELLO, ZEB!" HE DRAWLED. "WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? HOUSE ON FIRE, OR WHAT?"

The old man shook his head.

"Reckon not, Mr. Poinder," he answered. "How'n thunder you git dressed so quick?"

"By not having undressed, Pete. When our friends the enemy retain a fellow like the Resurrectionist over night, it's well to do some thinking before morning, so—"

"Dave's been thinkin' too," interrupted Reeve, with a jerk of his thumb toward the lobby. "You and him'll both be in slings if you don't stop your fool thinkin'. Let's go down and git him to bed. Hush!—Wait! He's comin'."

"Don't wake him, Pete, if he's asleep," warned the attorney. "It's sometimes dangerous. Cover your lantern quick, Zeb!... Now step over here.... No! More into the shadow.... That's right! Now don't speak or move. I'll do whatever's necessary."

Mr. Gedney had already reached the first landing as the lawyer whispered his instructions, and in another moment he appeared at the head of the staircase and paused, panting under a heavy load of books and papers. All trace of anger had faded from his face, the ugly, set grin had relaxed, and his whole appearance was merely that of an aged man wearied to the verge of exhaustion. Indeed, he seemed so nearly on the point of collapse as he stood swaying under his ponderous burden that Mr. Poinder instinctively moved forward to his support, but at that instant his client's lips parted with a tired, twitching movement.

"'The top of the calendar' to *you*, sir," he whispered, inclining his head. "A happy—a most happy greeting.... I thank you. 'The top of the calendar' to *you*, sir, when your time comes...."

He paused, lurched toward his counsel,

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gazed at him for a moment with a bewildered stare and then with slowly dawning recognition.

"I was just wondering where you were, Mr. Poinder," he remarked at last in feeble, trembling tones. "I'm glad to see you're still up, sir. . . . There are one or two things that have worried me in these books and papers. . . . Yes, thank you, if you don't mind. They are a bit heavy. . . . And I feel so tired—more tired than I ever was before. . . . Yes, I wish you would. We could talk as I get ready for bed, and there are one or two things, sir . . . one or two things that have worried . . . worried me. . . ."

The sound of his voice faded away as he moved down the hall, and Old Man Reeve, answering Mr. Poinder's parting signal, laid a finger on his lips and motioned Zeb toward the stairs.

Breakfast at the Reeve House is always a movable feast during Circuit week, to enable those having business with the Court to obtain an early start, and to accommodate those who, merely marking time with Justice, are in no hurry to begin the day. On the morning scheduled for Gedney's case, however, the dining-room was uncomfortably crowded soon after the rising gong, and Old Man Reeve, hurrying Zeb to reinforce the kitchen, took a hand in waiting on the guests himself. Even then the service was anything but rapid, and young Corning, watching the clock behind ramparts of papers, fumed indignantly at the delay.

"Well, what difference does it make to you, Corning?" demanded Brundage, the State's Attorney. "Your case can't be tried to-day. In fact, you'll be lucky if you're reached this term with Poinder, Peck, and his friend Dunham on deck."

"Yes, and if their case *doesn't* go on, the whole calendar will break," grumbled the novice. "I've seen that happen before, and I intend to be ready if I have to go without my breakfast."

"There are cakes this morning, my son," admonished Foster, "and if you sit here eating them until your case is reached you'll have some weight with the Court, for I happen to know that the Supply people have got to give Gedney a trial this morning whether they want to or not."

"Huh!" scoffed Corning. "Wallace Dunham is in the game now, and if he wants an adjournment I guess he'll get it."

"No, he won't, my boy. The Judge made Peck stipulate in open court not to ask any more adjournments before he gave him his last respite, and he won't get another."

"Yes, and he had the stenographer note the agreement," corroborated Brundage. "Peck and his crowd can't fool Kinsley any longer. By the way, Pete," he continued, as Old Man Reeve backed through the swing door bearing a heavily loaded tray, "where was his Honor last night?"

The proprietor slid his tray over the edge of the table and began distributing the plates like an expert dealing cards.

"Beefsteak's yourn, ain't it, Mr. Corning? Ham and eggs for Mr. Mapes, and I reckon you never tasted better ham than that, sir. Oatmeal?—whose oatmeal? Here you are, my friend. What did you say, Mr. Brundage? Where was the Judge last night? Down to the Forks 'lectioneering—warn't he?"

"Yes," interposed Watkins, "and he made a ripping good speech, too. There wasn't an inch of skin left on the opposition when he got through with 'em. He said Diogenes wouldn't have even waved his lantern in the direction of that crowd. He'd have known instinctively that there wasn't an honest man in it."

"That's a pleasant sentiment from a judge who is supposed to administer impartial justice," remarked Mr. Torrens, one of the few laymen at the table. "Fortunately, I'm of his party, but if I wasn't I think I'd ask you to take my case before some other judge, Mr. Foster."

"Oh, that's just stump-speech talk, Mr. Torrens," responded the attorney. "Kinsley wouldn't let political difference influence him on the bench."

"Well, I don't like a judge who mixes in politics. What's he do it for?"

"He's got to, I reckon," chuckled Reeve. That's right, Zeb. Put those cakes down by Mr. Corning and hurry up some more coffee. We're on the jump this mornin', boy!"

"Why has he got to, Mr. Reeve?"

The old man, pottering about the busy table, paused, and, mopping his face with his apron, smiled good-naturedly at his questioner.

"It's easy to see you ain't had any time for office-huntin', Mr. Torrens," he remarked. "If you had a political job—"

"A political job! Do you call a judgeship a political job?"

"Sure. Don't you?" laughed the old man. "Reckon you would if you was on

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the bench with the primaries close at hand and you had to get the nomination in order to live."

"Well, Judge Kinsley certainly doesn't need it in order to live," objected the merchant.

"I don't know 'bout that—eh, boys?" responded his host, addressing the rest of the table. "The Judge had a pretty fair clientage when he went on the bench, but he was forty-five then, and it's no joke to begin practicin' law at fifty-five, without a dollar in the world and a good-sized family to support. Kinsley knows he ain't so all-fired popular, and he's gittin' nervous. The slate'll be made up inside of a month now, and he's jist *got* to be on it. I reckon maybe *I'd* stand on my head and wave my legs in the air onct a day if I was in his boots."

"Is any one else trying for the nomination, Pete?" inquired Brundage.

The proprietor removed his spectacles and, turning toward the window, carefully inspected the lenses.

"Don't ask me," he responded, innocently.

The State's Attorney laughed.

"Don't ask *you*—you old fraud!" he exclaimed. "If there's any political slate made up in Fraser County without your knowing it, I'm mightily mistaken. Who is the Judge afraid of, Pete?"

The old man smiled and began polishing his glasses.

"I don't know as he's afraid of anybody in particular, Mr. Brundage," he responded over his shoulder. "But there's always candidates for a good job, if you don't crowd 'em out, and Kinsley's for keepin' his elbows spread."

"Well, the whole system is rottenly wrong, I say," interposed Mr. Torrens. "Judges ought to be appointed for life or during good behavior. That's the only way to place them beyond the reach of politics or any other

"THE MAIL? WELL, DON'T LET MR. POINDER SEE IT. HE'LL MISTAKE THE POST-BAG FOR A NOSE-BAG AND EAT UP ALL YOUR LETTERS"

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influence. England had to learn that, and there the judges have the entire confidence of the people. Until we do something like that in this country we'll never have a proper administration of justice."

"Hope you'll live till you see it, sir," laughed Foster. "Hello, Poinder," he continued, as Gedney's counsel appeared at the door. "All primed and loaded for the Resurrectionist, old man?"

The lawyer smiled and waved a general greeting to the company as he took his place at the table.

"Yes, sir. It'll be 'stand and deliver' this time," he responded. "By the way, Pete," he continued, "do you mind sending some coffee and toast up to Mr. Gedney? He doesn't feel like coming down to breakfast. Hello, Brother Corning! What are you doing with all those documents? You look as though you were going to bury your opponents with papers."

"I am if you don't monopolize the court," responded the youth. "Are you sure your case will go on, sir?"

"Sure as shooting."

"How long will you take?"

"Well, the facts are very simple, but when Dunham once gets started it's hard to stop him short of a week."

"Better not let the Judge know that, Poinder," warned Watkins.

"Why not?"

"Because this is his busy season down at the Forks. He cut the proceedings pretty short yesterday to get an early train, and I imagine he can use all his spare time between now and election day."

"By the way," inquired Brundage, "what's your friend Dunham's politics, Dick?"

Mr. Poinder reached forward and speared a roll with his fork.

"Can't you guess, Tom?" he responded. "You don't suppose the Supply Company would deliberately retain one of the opposition to conduct its case before a partisan like Kinsley? No, sir. Dunham professes the same political faith as the Judge, and he used to stand pretty high in the inner councils of his party. But, fortunately, it's our party too, for we're all of the same persuasion, so there won't be any politics in this case. . . . What say, Corning?" he continued, as the young man paused beside him on his way from the room. "Yes, my boy. It's perfectly safe as far as I can see. Let your witnesses go for a couple of days anyway, and then you can judge the situation. . . . Now, Zeb, don't pay any attention to these gentlemen of leisure, but devote yourself exclusively to me. Coffee, oatmeal, rolls, beefsteak, bacon, eggs, and cakes will do. I'm nervous and haven't any appetite this morning."

"Say, Pete, if he ever gets really hungry, make me your Receiver in Bankruptcy—will you?" drawled Brundage, rising as he spoke.

"On the principle of 'After me—the Deluge!'" suggested Poinder.

"Yes, I'm afraid there'll be nothing left but water after you're satisfied," retorted his friend. "What have you got there, Ellen?" he continued, addressing the waitress. "The mail? Well, don't let Mr. Poinder see it. He'll mistake the post-bag for a nose-bag and eat up all your letters."

The State's Attorney slipped from the room as he spoke, and his victim joined in the general laugh, as Ellen, giving him a suspiciously wide berth, handed the mail-bag to her employer.

All conversation ceased as the guests became absorbed in their letters, and Mr. Poinder, dividing his attention between his mail and his breakfast, did not observe that the others had left the table until he looked up and found himself alone with the proprietor, who was gazing at him with a curious expression on his face.

"Well, Pete, what's the matter?" he inquired.

The old man ran a finger around the inside of his collarless shirt-band as though it were choking him.

"I dunno as anything is, Mr. Poinder," he replied. "But you allowed a while ago that there was no politics in my old friend Gedney's case. Did you really mean that?"

The lawyer nodded.

"How can there be?" he queried. "We're all of the same party, and Kinsley understands the situation thoroughly."

"You mean he knows that Dave Gedney will be ruined if his case ain't tried this term," assented the veteran. "But if it *is* tried, maybe the Judge's chances of a renomination might be ruined. Have you thought about that?"

Mr. Poinder leaned forward on the table and looked squarely into the speaker's eyes.

"Come, Pete," he began, "what are you driving at?"

"Can't you see through a millstone with

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a hole in it?" growled the old man. "You said this city fellow, Wallace Dunham, was a pretty active worker in politics, and we know he came here yesterday by way of the Forks. Well, how do you know he and Peck ain't been takin' a hand in local politics for their client's health?"

The lawyer pushed his chair back and threw up his hands in an attitude of mock despair.

"Good Lord, Pete! You might as well kill me as scare me to death!" he exclaimed. "You're getting as nervous as Gedney and shying at shadows. Come over to the court in about an hour and I'll show you that there isn't any politics—or anything else—in this case. I've met the Resurrectionist before and know all his little tricks and ways."

Mr. Poinder gathered up his letters and moved toward the door as he spoke, but for some moments the old man remained seated, apparently lost in thought. Then he slowly rose and began clearing the table.

"Ain't no politics in this case—ain't there?" he muttered to himself. "Well, if there ain't, it'll be the first good chance I've seen missed in Fraser County since I've been in the game, and I've been in it a pretty long time. A pretty—long—time."

On fine mornings the approach to the Court-House was almost as popular a resort for the legal fraternity as the lobby of the Reeve House was at night. But when Peter Reeve emerged from the dining-room, umbrella in hand, and gazed out of the rain-splashed windows of the empty lobby, he found the village green almost equally deserted. Evidently the inclemency of the weather and the demand for seats had driven the crowd to seek an early shelter in the little one-story brick building which housed the Circuit Court. So, after studying the dismal prospect for a while, the proprietor walked slowly back to the office desk, laid aside his umbrella, and, entering his private room, seated himself before the telephone. For a few moments he sat with his hand resting idly on the instrument, and then, lifting the receiver, called up a number in Crosby's Forks, and, partially closing his door, began a low-toned talk. Then in rapid succession he rang up other local numbers, holding a brief, spirited conversation with each of those who answered his call, and he was still busy on the wire when the sound of a neighboring church clock warned him to mutter a hasty good-by and sent him hurrying toward the court.

Every seat in the bare, low-ceilinged room was occupied as he pushed pantingly through the doors, but Mr. Brundage secured a place for him by dislodging a clerk. The Judge was not yet upon the bench, but at the counsel's table sat Mr. Poinder, David Gedney, and his son, with half a dozen witnesses behind them, and a great mass of books and papers methodically arranged on the table for immediate use. Peter Reeve gazed closely at his old friend, but Gedney was apparently none the worse for his night's experience, and as he sat chatting unconcernedly with his counsel he seemed to be in better spirits than most of those about him. Indeed, the audience as a whole appeared strangely ill at ease. Ordinarily the court-room fairly hummed with conversation, but now there was scarcely a whisper to be heard, and the spectators fidgeted in their seats, constantly turning with expectant glances toward the door. For a time the host of the Reeve House attributed this strained atmosphere to the tardiness of the Judge, but as he scanned the room more closely he suddenly realized what was troubling its occupants, and plucked Mr. Brundage by the sleeve.

"Where's the Supply Company people?" he whispered.

The State's Attorney shrugged his shoulders.

The old man stared at him with open-mouthed astonishment.

"Ain't Lawyer Peck nor the Dunham man turned up yet?" he demanded.

"Not a sign of them," answered Brundage. "I guess Brother Dunham isn't used to our early country hours, and the Judge is arranging things to suit him. These delicate compliments to city counsel are all right, I suppose, but we ought to be warned about them beforehand. I could have slept another hour this morning and—"

A general movement in the rear of the room interrupted the speaker, and, turning, he observed the subject of his remarks entering the door, preceded by Mr. Artemus Peck. Wallace Dunham's huge form appeared even more bulky in the little court-room than it had in the hotel lobby on the previous evening; and his high silk hat, fur-lined overcoat, and chamois gloves created an even greater sensation. He seemed perfectly at home, however, and, passing directly to the counsel's table, recognized Mr. Poin-

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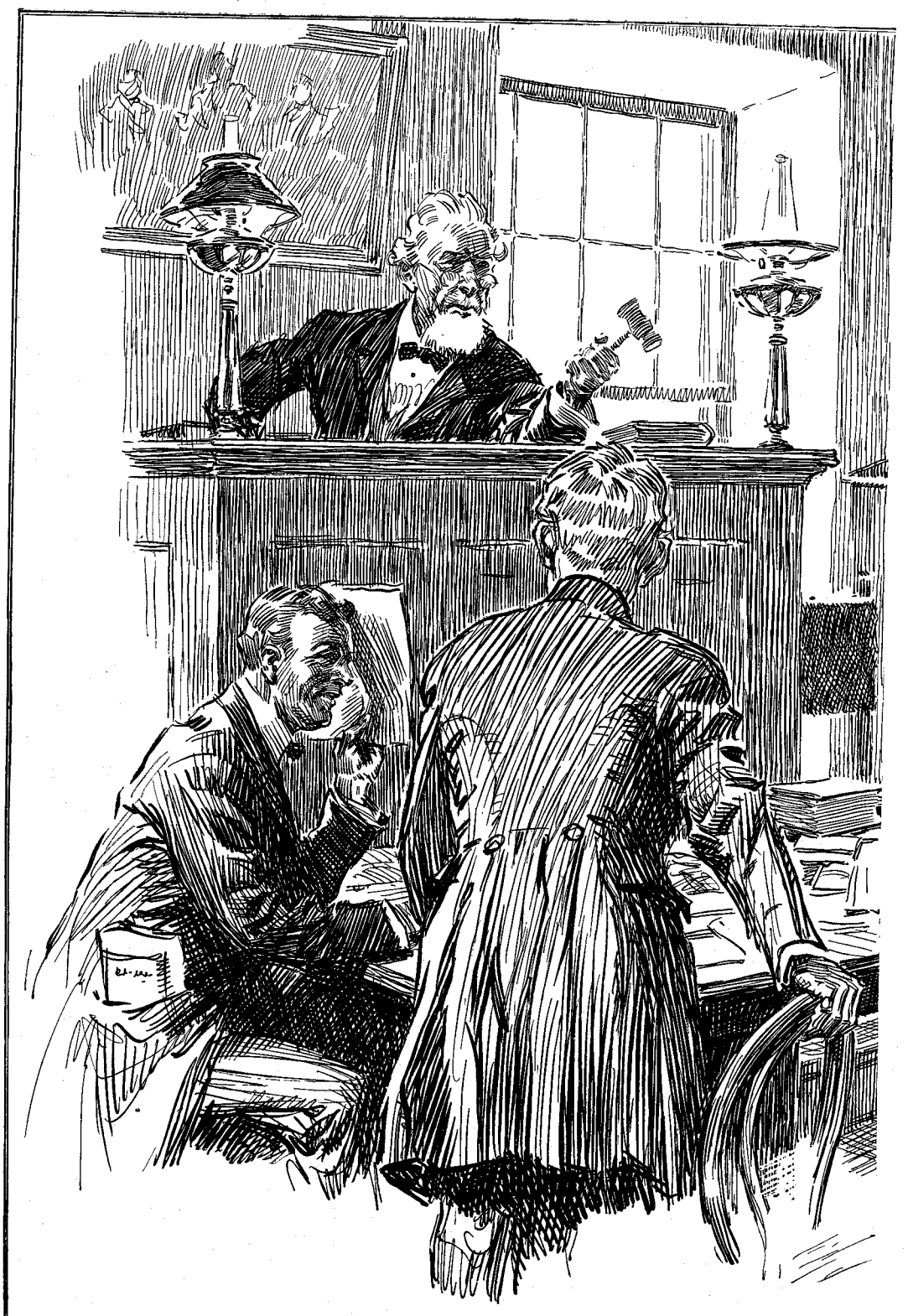

"DEMAND?" REPEATED THE JUDGE, REPROVINGLY. "LET ME REMIND YOU, MR. POINDER,

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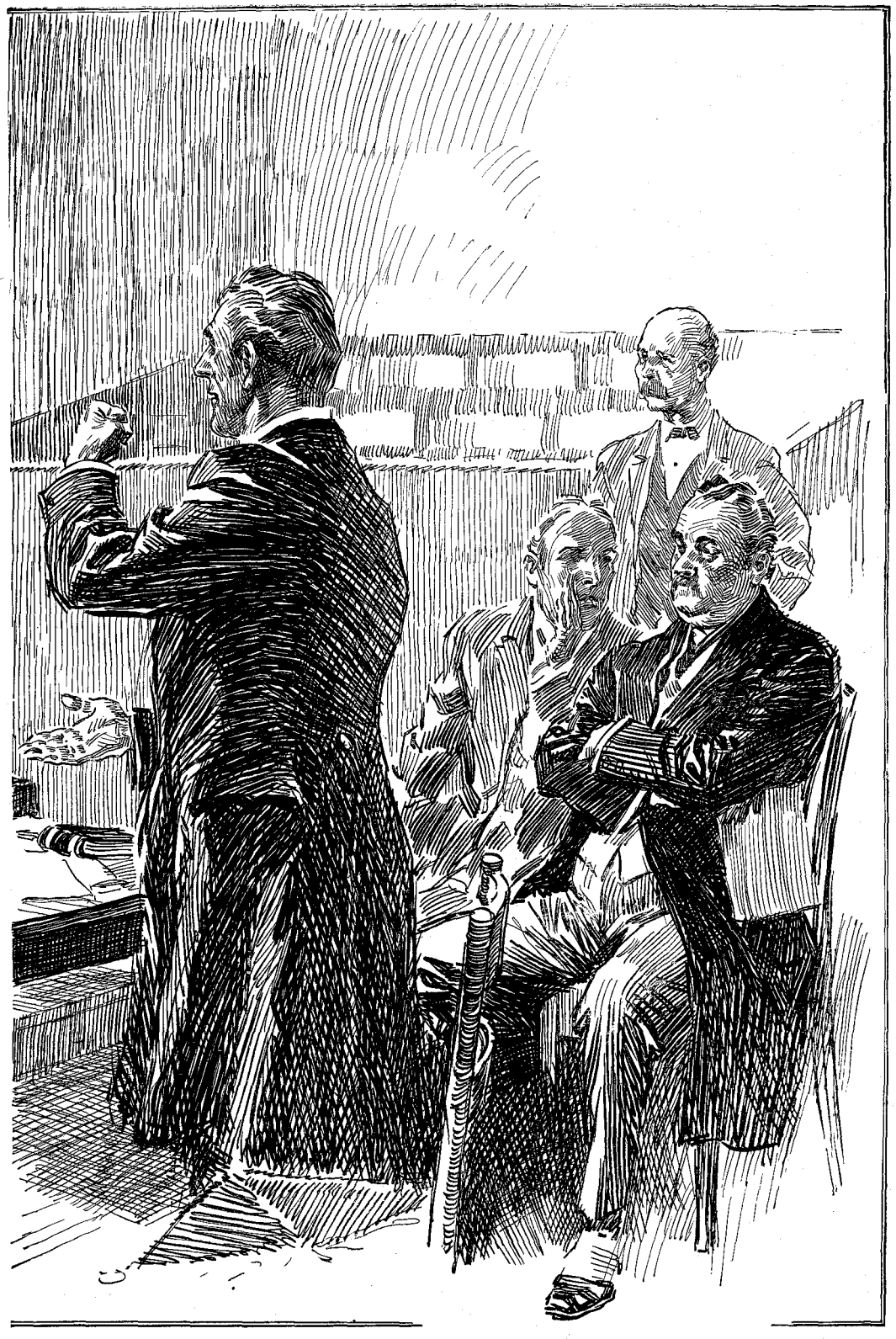

THAT THIS MATTER RESTS ENTIRELY WITHIN THE DISCRETION OF THE COURT"

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der, who rose to greet him. As the two opponents stood conversing, the spectators watched them with silent fascination, as though momentarily expecting some dramatic development. But when the court crier, rapping for order on the panels of the bench, announced the advent of the Judge, there was an audible relaxing of the tension. Some one hastily provided chairs for the distinguished counsel and his associate, and the room was again hushed as the Hon. Jacob Kinsley emerged from his chambers. Wallace Dunham was the only person who rose at the entrance of the Judge, for Fraser County was not accustomed to even the most ordinary exhibitions of deference for the Bench. Indeed, the action of the visiting jurist occasioned a titter throughout the court-room, and the Judge, visibly embarrassed, mumbled his customary greeting to the audience more rapidly than usual, and straightway plunged into the business of the calendar.

"No. 1. The Farm Supply Company against Gedney."

"Ready!"

There was a note of challenge and defiance in Richard Poinder's voice as he ripped out his response, but there was no answering expression on Dunham's hard face as he rose to reply.

"If the Court please," he began, with pompous deliberation. "My associate informs me that he is precluded by a stipulation from asking any further postponement of this case. But before we proceed I venture to crave the indulgence of your Honor for a moment. I was retained for the plaintiff by telegraph yesterday; started for Belo within two hours; arrived here last evening, and have been in consultation with my associate ever since. I realize, however, that your Honor would not be justified in showing us any consideration on that account, and it is not as counsel for the plaintiff that I obtrude the facts I have mentioned upon your Honor's attention. It is rather as a friend of the Court and in the interests of justice that I speak, because, although I have not yet been able to make a thorough examination into the facts of this case, I have learned enough to convince me that a settlement is the only proper solution of the controversy, and it is perfectly susceptible of such an adjustment. I feel it my duty, therefore, as an officer of the court, to apprise your Honor of my conclusion, so that if it shall appear to you that a delay of twenty-four hours *now* may perhaps save years of legal strife, you may take the appropriate action. I myself, however, make no application for postponement, abiding strictly by the terms of my associate's stipulation, and if my suggestion does not meet with the entire approval of the Court I shall be ready to proceed, merely regretting the failure of my well-meant efforts to expedite justice."

There was a ring of earnestness in the eminent advocate's suave appeal, and more than one in the rapt audience nodded approvingly as he resumed his seat. The Judge too seemed impressed with his evident fairness, for there was a note of approbation in his voice as he addressed the defendant's counsel.

"Well, Mr. Poinder," he began, "what do you say?"

"I request, your Honor, to call a jury and proceed at once to the trial of this case," snapped the attorney.

Even those who knew Richard Poinder best were startled at the curt, almost harsh rejection of his opponent's advance, and Judge Kinsley looked as though he was a bit ashamed of the brusque manners of his Bar.

"In view of Mr. Dunham's statement, Mr. Poinder," he observed, "do you not think it might be wise to suspend proceedings until there has been at least an attempt at an amicable settlement?"

A shade of impatience and annoyance crossed Poinder's face as he rose to reply.

"No, sir, I do not," he asserted, positively. "My learned friend, whose disinterested motives impel him to make this eleventh-hour plea for peace, knows precisely on what terms he can avoid the strife he deplores. His client is the aggressor. It began this litigation and it can end it at any moment. Let us have no more nonsense. Your Honor has long been familiar with the whole situation. After a desperate fight we are at the top of the calendar at last, and I decline to recognize any flag of truce which will cause us to yield our place."

The Judge glanced at Dunham as Poinder sat down, and the counsel for the Supply Company, completely ignoring his opponent's presence, slowly rose, and, removing his eyeglasses, addressed the Bench in a confidential, almost patronizing, tone.

"In fairness to the Court," he observed, "perhaps I ought to have advised your Honor that, should the trial of this case actually begin, a settlement will be quite impractic able. I therefore suggest—"

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"Mr. Dunham, how long will you take to present your case?" interrupted the Judge.

"About a week, I think, sir."

The Judge frowned, but nodded comprehendingly, and, taking up the calendar-sheet, studied it with marked deliberation, leaning back in his chair, his elbow resting on one of its arms and a pencil poised against his upper lip. Every eye in the room watched him intently, but he appeared oblivious of the spectators, though once or twice he shoved his spectacles back on his forehead and gazed abstractedly over the room. At last he laid aside his paper, and, removing his spectacles, addressed the defendant's counsel.

"Mr. Poinder," he began, "I incline to the opinion that Mr. Dunham's suggestion should prevail. If a settlement of this case is possible, it should be attempted. Considering the condition of the calendar and the fact that we are nearing the close of this term, I am loth to precipitate a lengthy trial which may be avoided by a delay of twenty-four hours."

David Gedney had risen excitedly with the evident intention of addressing the Court as the Judge ceased, but Mr. Poinder, catching sight of his flushed face, checked him before he could utter a word, and then calmly turned to the Bench.

"If your Honor will impanel a jury now," he answered, "so that we will be actually on trial and hold our place on the calendar, I will consent to postpone further proceedings until this afternoon, if the Court deems it wise."

The Judge frowned and shook his head at this proposition, but his face showed that it was as unexpected as it was unwelcome, and his response was unmistakably impatient.

"We have not sufficient talesmen to admit of impaneling juries and reserving them to meet the convenience of counsel," he asserted. "You know that, Mr. Poinder."

"And should a jury *be* impaneled," Dunham reminded him, "no settlement will be possible. If this case begins, it will go on," he added, significantly.

"And if we leave it to you to say when it shall begin, it will never go on!" retorted Poinder, angrily. "Your Honor, it is high time the plaintiff ceased to trifle with the dignity of this Court. You will observe that counsel are here without witnesses, as though assured of compliance with their demands, and—"

"What do you mean by that, sir?" interrupted Kinsley, instantly bristling.

"I mean that my professional courtesy has been abused and is being traded upon," the lawyer responded suavely, but with a sharp glance at the Bench. "They say that they will not settle if they are forced to trial now. Why? I will tell you. It is because their case will collapse the moment the Court demands their proofs. I say they are unprepared now. I assert that they have not a single witness under subpœna at this moment, and challenge them to refute that charge."

"Not being in the habit of unmasking my batteries before the event, I decline to waste words on such a boyish proposition," responded Dunham, hotly.

"Then I demand a trial now!" exclaimed Poinder.

"Demand?" repeated the Judge, reprovingly. "Let me remind you, Mr. Poinder, that this matter rests entirely with the discretion of the Court, which in this case—"

"Has been already exercised by your Honor's order setting down this cause peremptorily for to-day," interrupted the lawyer.

"In view of the new facts, however," persisted the Judge—but before he could proceed Mr. Poinder again interrupted.

"New facts, your Honor?" he exclaimed. "Where are the new facts? There is nothing here but another new fiction. My client has not invited any proposition of settlement, and does not desire any adjournment to consider the same. He comes to this forum and demands a prompt public hearing of the matters in dispute. This he is entitled to, not as a matter of favor, but as a matter of right, and I therefore demand it in his name."

A faint ripple of applause started in the rear of the room, but instantly ceased as the Judge crashed his gavel on the desk and glared angrily in the direction of the sound.

"Your client is not the only one who has rights in this court, Mr. Poinder," he observed. "There are other cases waiting to be tried, and I do not intend to devote the remaining days of this term unnecessarily to the trial of one cause. The plaintiff's counsel has frankly stated his belief that he can adjust this whole controversy by suspending the proceedings for a day, and I am of the opinion that he should have the opportunity to do so."

"I respectfully submit that your Honor

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mistakes the function of the Court," commented Poinder. "It is not within your province to facilitate compromises or adjustments against the will of either party."

Judge Kinsley flushed at the fearless criticism, and, leaning forward on his desk, pointed a threatening finger at the speaker.

"The Court requires no instruction from counsel as to its duties," he snapped. "You will please restrain your zeal, sir! In the judgment of the Bench a day's adjournment in this case will best serve the ends of justice, and—"

"The ends of justice! This is the end of justice!"

Gedney leaped to his feet as he roared out the words, but Mr. Poinder caught him as he struggled toward the judicial desk, and literally forced him back into his chair.

"Keep silent, or we're ruined!" he whispered, but before he could pacify the excited man the Judge had adjourned the case until the next day and was busy calling the balance of the calendar. But this ceremony merely served to verify young Corning's prophecy, for with the unexpected postponement of the first case the whole calendar broke and not another cause was ready. Indeed, before Mr. Poinder's party had gathered their books and papers together the court-room was well-nigh deserted, and the Judge had left the bench. At the door, however, Old Man Reeve was awaiting them with Zeb, and as the latter took Mr. Gedney under his umbrella and, partially supporting him, led the way toward the hotel, the proprietor laid a detaining hand on Mr. Poinder's arm.

"Well, Counselor," he observed, "do you still think there's no politics in this case?"

The lawyer shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't see where, Pete," he responded. "But something is the matter with Kinsley. What do you suppose it is?"

"I don't *suppose;* I know," muttered the veteran. "It's just as I told you. Peck and Dunham are threatening to put a candidate in the field against him. And they'll do it too, if he ain't good."

The lawyer gazed incredulously at the speaker.

"How do you know?" he demanded.

"Heard it over the telephone from the Forks," asserted the old man. "They've been workin' it up for a week, and they've picked out a popular candidate, too," he added with a sly smile.

"Who is he?"

"Somebody they don't want the Judge to be too friendly with just now, of course. Can't you guess? No? Well, my son, it's y-o-u—you!"

Mr. Poinder stared dumfoundedly at his informant for a moment, and then his face gradually relaxed in a smile.

"This is a joke, isn't it, Pete?" he inquired.

The proprietor of the Reeve House glanced toward the hotel through whose doors Mr. Gedney was at that moment passing. "It's no joke for *him*, I reckon," he responded, jerking his thumb toward the retreating figure, "and it's a joke that's likely to last as long as this term does. Say, Mr. Poinder," he went on, "I reckon there was *one* trick of your friend the Resurrectionist you didn't know, eh?"

The lawyer nodded meditatively.

"We live and learn, Pete," he admitted.

The old man eyed him narrowly for a moment and then chuckled softly to himself.

"Well, Counselor," he drawled, "do you want to learn another trick worth two of hisn?"

The lawyer glanced with a grim smile at the shrewd, kindly face of his questioner.

"I'm not above it," he answered. "But the best move I can think of is to let Kinsley know that it's all a game and that I've no intention of running against him. Is that it?"

"Nope," responded the old man. "If you did that, maybe they'd scare him with some other candidate. No, sir. You've got to take a hand in their own game and beat 'em at it. Let Kinsley know that if he don't try your case this term you *will* run against him—and run against him for fair! So long as you're in the field they can't combine on another candidate in this county, and Kinsley knows it. But if he don't, I've got the delegates to prove it to him—*got 'em right in my pocket*, Counselor."

Mr. Poinder gazed at the speaker with unfeigned admiration.

"Peter Reeve," he exclaimed, "I take off my hat to you! You ought be in public life. You'd be the very king of the diplomatic world."

The veteran shook his head protestingly.

"I ruther keep the Reeve House," he responded simply.

The third Tale, entitled "Leave to Intervene," will appear in The Outlook of February 22

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A HAND IN BRONZE

COURTESY OF SMALL, MAYNARD & CO.

Rodin

THE SECRET OF HIS GENIUS AS REVEALED BY HIMSELF

THERE are those who assert that Auguste Rodin is the greatest sculptor since Michael Angelo. However that may be, he is certainly the most astounding.

Those who have stood in wonder before one of Rodin's tremendous creations have longed to look into the sculptor's mind and know the secret of his genius. This desire has now been in large measure fulfilled, for in a sumptuous volume published by Small, Maynard & Company we have a series of conversations on Art between Rodin and Paul Gsell, in the reading of which we receive an explanation of many of the thoughts that Rodin has expressed in clay. He gives us an interpretation of art as he sees it, and immediately much of the mystery that has veiled his work vanishes. How clearly he reveals to us the spirit of his work is shown by the following selections from the conversations that are recorded in M. Gsell's book:

OUR INHERITANCE

Last year, at the close of a beautiful day in May, as I walked with Auguste Rodin beneath the trees that shade his charming hill, I confided to him my wish to write, from his dictation, his ideas upon Art.

"You are an odd fellow," he said. "So you are still interested in Art! It is an interest that is out of date.

"To-day, artists and those who love artists seem like fossils. Imagine a megatherium or a diplodocus stalking the streets of Paris! There you have the impression that we must make upon our contemporaries. Ours is an epoch of engineers and of manufacturers, not one of artists."

"I know," I said, "that Art is the least

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concern of our epoch. But I trust that this book may be a protest against the ideas of to-day. I trust that your voice may awaken our contemporaries and help them to understand the crime that we commit in losing the best part of our national inheritance—an intense love of Art and Beauty."

"May the gods hear you!" Rodin answered.

REALISM

"What astonishes me in you," said I, "is that you work quite differently from your confrères. I know many of them and have seen them at work. They make the model mount upon a pedestal called the throne, and they tell him to take such or such a pose. Generally they bend or stretch his arms and legs to suit them, they bow his head or straighten his body exactly as though he were a lay figure. Then they set to work. You, on the contrary, wait till your models take an interesting attitude, and then you reproduce it. So much so that it is you who seem to be at their orders rather than they at yours."

Rodin, who was engaged in wrapping his figurines in damp cloths, answered quietly:

"I am not at their orders, but at those of Nature! My confrères doubtless have their reasons for working as you have said. But in thus doing violence to nature and treating human beings like puppets, they run the risk of producing lifeless and artificial work."

BEAUTY

"What is commonly called ugliness in nature can in art become full of great beauty.

"In the domain of fact we call ugly whatever is deformed, whatever is unhealthy, whatever suggests the idea of disease, of debility, or of suffering, whatever is contrary to regularity, which is the sign and condition of health and strength; a hunchback is ugly, one who is bandy-legged is ugly, poverty in rags is ugly. Ugly also are the soul and the conduct of the immoral man, of the vicious and criminal man, of the abnormal man who is harmful to society; ugly is the soul of the parricide, of the traitor, of the unscrupulously ambitious.

"And it is right that beings and objects from which we can expect only evil should be called by such an odious epithet. But let a great artist or a great writer make use of one or the other of these uglinesses, instantly it is transfigured: with a touch of his fairy wand he has turned it into beauty; it is alchemy; it is enchantment!

"Let François Millet represent a peasant resting for a moment as he leans on the handle of his hoe, a wretched man worn by

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THE

fatigue, baked by the sun, as stupid as a beast of burden dulled by blows—he has only to put into the expression of this poor devil a sublime resignation to the suffering ordained by Destiny, to make this creature of a nightmare become for us the great symbol of all Humanity."

MODELING

It was a delightful little antique copy of the Venus de Medici. Rodin kept it there

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BURGHERS OF CALAIS

to stimulate his own inspiration while he worked.

"Come nearer," he said.

Holding the lamp at the side of the statue and as close as possible, he threw the full light upon the body.

"What do you notice?" he asked.

At the first glance I was extraordinarily struck by what was suddenly revealed to me.

The light so directed, indeed, disclosed numbers of slight projections and depressions upon the surface of the marble which I should never have suspected. I said so to Rodin.

"Good!" he cried approvingly; then, "Watch closely."

At the same time he slowly turned the moving stand which supported the Venus. As he turned, I still noticed in the general form of the body a multitude of almost imperceptible roughnesses. What had at first

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seemed simple was really of astonishing complexity. Rodin threw up his head smiling.

"Is it not marvelous?" he cried. "Confess that you did not expect to discover so much detail. Just look at these numberless undulations of the hollow which unites the body to the thigh. . . ."

He spoke in a low voice, with the ardor of a devotee, bending above the marble as if he loved it.

"It is truly flesh!" he said.

And, beaming, he added: "You would think it molded by kisses and caresses!" Then, suddenly, laying his hand on the statue, "You almost expect, when you touch this body, to find it warm."

A few moments later he said:

"Well, what do you think now of the opinion usually held on Greek art? They say—it is especially the academic school which has spread abroad this idea—that the ancients, in their cult of the ideal, despised the flesh as low and vulgar, and that they refused to reproduce in their works the thousand details of material reality.

"They pretend that the ancients wished to teach Nature by creating an abstract beauty of simplified form which should appeal only to the intellect and not consent to flatter the sense. And those who talk like this take examples which they imagine they find in antique art as their authority for correcting, for emasculating nature, reducing it to contours so dry, cold, and meager that they have nothing in common with the truth.

"You have just proved how much they are mistaken.

"The science of modeling was taught me by one Constant, who worked in the atelier where I made my début as a sculptor. One day, watching me model a capital ornamented with foliage—'Rodin,' he said to me, 'you are going about that in the wrong way. All your leaves are seen flat. That is why they do not look real. Make some with the tips pointed at you, so that, in seeing them, one has the sensation of depth.' I followed his advice, and I was astounded at the result that I obtained. 'Always remember what I am about to tell you,' went on Constant. 'Henceforth, when you carve, never see the form in length, but always in thickness. Never consider a surface except as the extremity of a volume, as the point, more or less large, which it directs towards you. In that way you will acquire the science of modeling.'

"This principle was astonishingly fruitful to me. I applied it to the execution of figures. Instead of imagining the different parts of the body as surfaces more or less flat, I represented them as projectures of interior volumes. I forced myself to express in each swelling of the torso or of the limbs the efflorescence of a muscle or of a bone which lay deep beneath the skin. And so the truth of my figures, instead of being merely superficial, seems to blossom from within to the outside, like life itself."

MOVEMENT

"When I look at your figure of the Iron Age, who awakes, fills his lungs and raises high his arms; or at your Saint John, who seems to long to leave his pedestal to carry abroad his words of faith, my admiration is mixed with amazement. It seems to me that there is sorcery in this science which lends movement to bronze. I have also studied other chefs-d'œuvres of your great predecessors; for example, Maréchal Ney and 'The Marseillaise' by Rude, 'The Dance' by Carpeaux, as well as Barye's wild animals, and I confess that I have never found any satisfactory explanation for the effect which these sculptures produce upon me. I continue to ask myself how such masses of stone and iron can possibly seem to move, how figures so evidently motionless can yet appear to act and even to lend themselves to violent effort."

"As you take me for a sorcerer," Rodin answered, "I shall try to do justice to my reputation by accomplishing a task much more difficult for me than animating bronze—that of explaining how I do it.

"Note, first, that movement is the transition from one attitude to another.

"This simple statement, which has the air of a truism, is, to tell the truth, the key to the mystery.

"You have certainly read in Ovid how Daphne was transformed into a bay tree and Progné into a swallow. This charming writer shows us the body of the one taking on its covering of leaves and bark and the members of the other clothing themselves in feathers, so that in each of them one still sees the woman which will cease to be and the tree or bird which she will become. You remember, too, how in Dante's 'Inferno' a serpent, coiling itself about the body of one of the damned, changes into man as the man becomes reptile. The great poet describes this scene so ingeniously that in each of these

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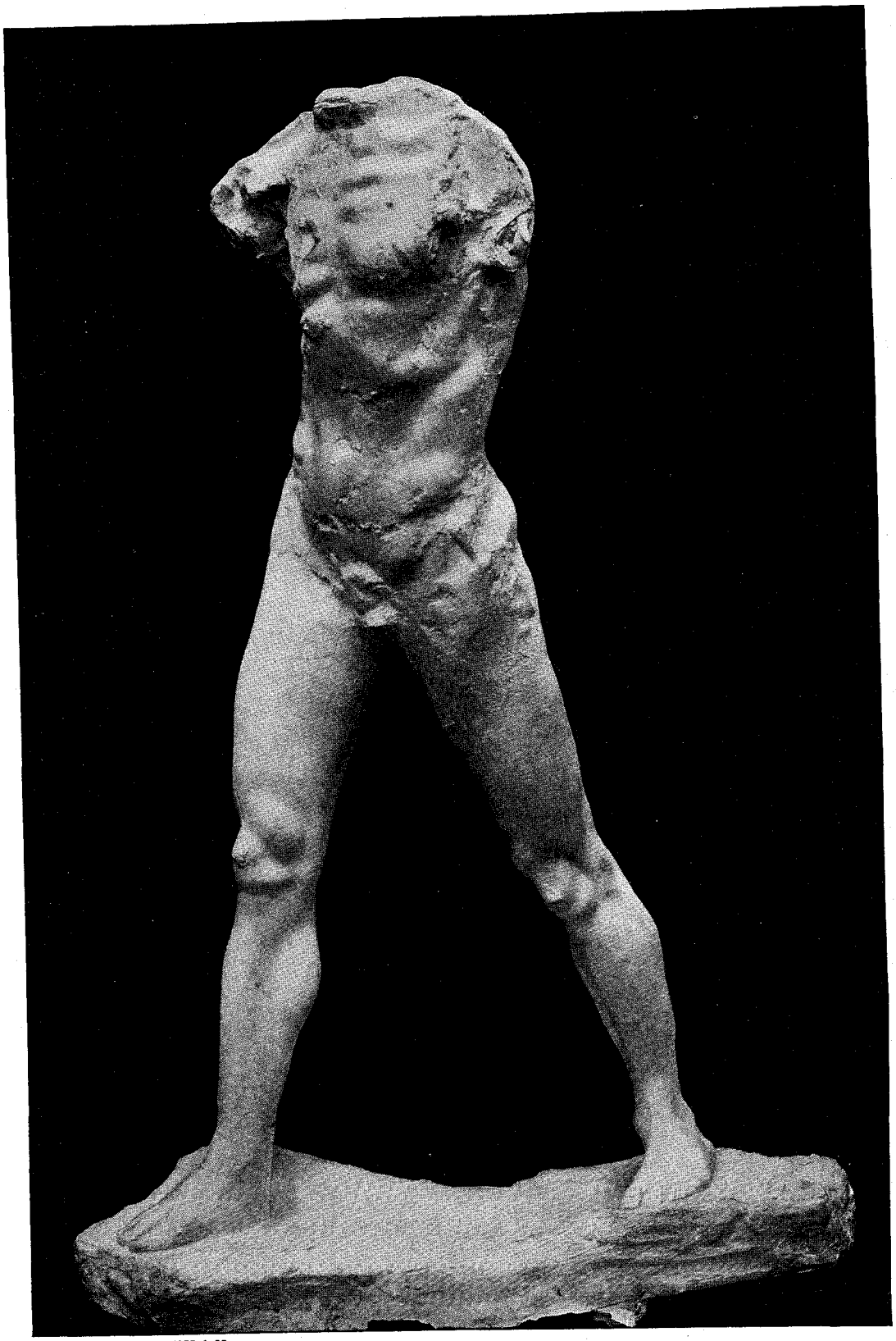

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A MAN WALKING

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two beings one follows the struggle between two natures which progressively invade and supplant each other.

"It is, in short, a metamorphosis of this kind that the painter or the sculptor effects in giving movement to his personages. He represents the transition from one pose to another—he indicates how insensibly the first glides into the second. In his work we still see a part of what was and we discover a part of what is to be. An example will enlighten you better.

"You mentioned just now the statue of Maréchal Ney by Rude. Do you recall the figure clearly?"

"Yes," I said. "The hero raises his sword, shouting 'Forward' to his troops at the top of his voice."

"Exactly. Well, when you next pass that statue, look at it still more closely. You will then notice this: the legs of the statue and the hand which holds the sheath of the saber are placed in the attitude that they had when he drew—the left leg is drawn back so that the saber may be easily grasped by the right hand, which has just drawn it; and as for the left hand, it is arrested in the air, as if still offering the sheath.

"Now examine the body. It must have been slightly bent toward the left at the moment when it performed the act which I have described; but here it is erect, here is the chest thrown out, here is the head turning towards the soldiers as it roars out the order to attack; here, finally, is the right arm raised and brandishing the saber.

"So there you have a confirmation of what I have just said; the movement in this statue is only the change from a first attitude—that which the Marshal had as he drew his saber—into a second, that which he had as he rushes, arm aloft, upon the enemy."

In the same way I next studied Saint John. And I saw that the rhythm of this figure led, as Rodin had said, to a sort of evolution between two balances. The figure leaning, at first, all its weight upon the left foot, which presses the ground with all its strength, seems to balance there while the eyes look to the right. You then see all the body bent in that direction; then the right leg advances and the foot takes hold of the ground. At the same time the left shoulder, which is raised, seems to endeavor to bring the weight of the body to this side in order to aid the leg which is behind to come forward. Now, the science of the sculptor has consisted precisely in imposing all these facts upon the spectator in the order in which I have stated them, so that their succession will give the impression of movement.

"Gericault is criticised because in his picture 'Epsom Races' (Course d'Epsom), which is at the Louvre, he has painted his horses galloping, fully extended, *ventre à terre*, to use a familiar expression, throwing their fore feet forward and their hind feet backward at the same instant. It is said that the sensitive plate never gives the same effect. And, in fact, in instantaneous photography, when the fore legs of a horse are forward, the hind legs, having by their pause propelled the body onward, have already had time to gather themselves under the body in order to recommence the stride, so that for a moment the four legs are almost gathered together in the air, which gives the animal the appearance of jumping off the ground, and of being motionless in this position.

"Now I believe that it is Gericault who is right, and not the camera, for his horses appear to run; this comes from the fact that the spectator from right to left sees first the hind legs accomplish the effort whence the general impetus results, then the body stretched out, then the fore legs, which seek the ground ahead. This is false in reality, as the actions could not be simultaneous; but it is true when the parts are observed successively; and it is this truth alone that matters to us, because it is that which we see and which strikes us."

THOUGHT

One morning, finding myself with Rodin in his atelier, I stopped before the cast of one of his most impressive works.

It is a young woman whose writhing body seems a prey to some mysterious torment. Her head is bent low, her lips and her eyes are closed, and you would think she slept, did not the anguish in her face betray the conflict of her spirit. The most surprising thing in the figure, however, is that it has neither arms nor legs. It would seem that the sculptor in a moment of discontent with himself had broken them off, and you cannot help regretting that the figure is incomplete. I could not refrain from expressing this feeling to my host.

"What do you mean?" he cried in astonishment. "Don't you see that I left it in that state intentionally? My figure represents Meditation. That's why it has neither arms to act nor legs to walk. Haven't you

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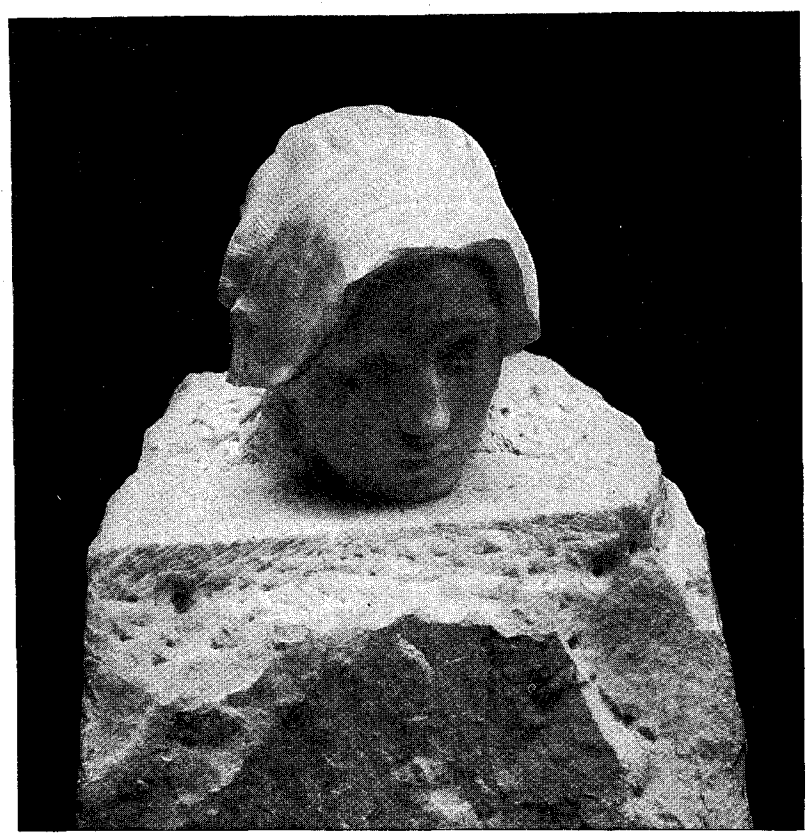

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LA PENSÉE

noticed that reflection, when persisted in, suggests so many plausible arguments for opposite decisions that it ends in inertia?

"In themes of this kind," Rodin said, "the thought, I believe, is easily read. They awaken the imagination of the spectators without any outside help. And yet, far from confining it in narrow limits, they give it rein to roam at will. . That is, according to me, the rôle of art. The form which it creates ought only to furnish a pretext."

MYSTERY

"But, to me, religion is more than the mumbling of a creed. It is the meaning of all that is unexplained and doubtless inexplicable in the world. It is the adoration of the unknown force which maintains the universal laws and which preserves the types of all beings; it is the surmise of all that in nature which does not fall within the domain of sense, of all that immense realm of things which neither the eyes of our body nor even those of our spirit can see; it is the impulse of our conscience towards the infinite, towards eternity, towards unlimited knowledge and love—promises perhaps illusory, but which in this life give wings to our thoughts. In this sense I am religious."

"To sum it up, your busts often recall Rembrandt's portraits, for the Dutch master has also made plain this call of the infinite, by lighting the brow of his personages by a light which falls from above."

"To compare me with Rembrandt, what sacrilege!" Rodin cried quickly. "To Rembrandt, the Colossus of art! Think of it, my friend! Let us bow before Rembrandt, and never set any one beside him!

"But you have concluded justly in observing in my works the stirrings of the soul towards that kingdom, perhaps chimerical, of unlimited truth and liberty. There, indeed, is the mystery that moves me."

A moment later he asked: "Are you convinced now that art is a kind of religion?"

"Yes," I answered.

Then he added, with some malice: "It is very necessary to remember, however, that the first commandment of this religion, for those who wish to practice it, is to know how to model a torso, an arm, or a leg!"

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MISS VIOLET ASQUITH

Two Distinguished Visitors

THE recent visit of the Countess of Aberdeen to this country together with Miss Violet Asquith, the daughter of the English Prime Minister, will recall to many Americans pleasant memories of former visits. They came as the guests of the Right Hon. James Bryce, the English Ambassador to the United States. The Earl of Aberdeen has been twice Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and was for five years Governor-General of Canada. Lady Aberdeen is perhaps as well known on this side of the water as any living Englishwoman. Her interest in humanitarian and social questions has been of the strongest. Three years ago or more, Lady Aberdeen was one of the most noteworthy speakers at the International Council of Women in Toronto. She has taken a vigorous part in the campaign against tuberculosis in Ireland, and has led the Woman's National Health Association of Ireland in this contest. She has also done much to further better industrial conditions in Ireland, and especially to aid in the extension of local and home industries.

Apart from her public activities, Lady Aberdeen has been a gracious and tactful force in society. Her general ideal of the line of social progress was expressed when she once said: "The home is the world's safeguard—and men and women can protect it and develop its influence by working, not apart, but together. Progress depends on the closeness of their relations to each other, morally and intellectually." The portrait of Miss Asquith here presented shows her in golfing costume, and suggests her activity in outdoor life, which is matched by a very keen interest in the political affairs which center in the historic home of the Prime Minister at Number

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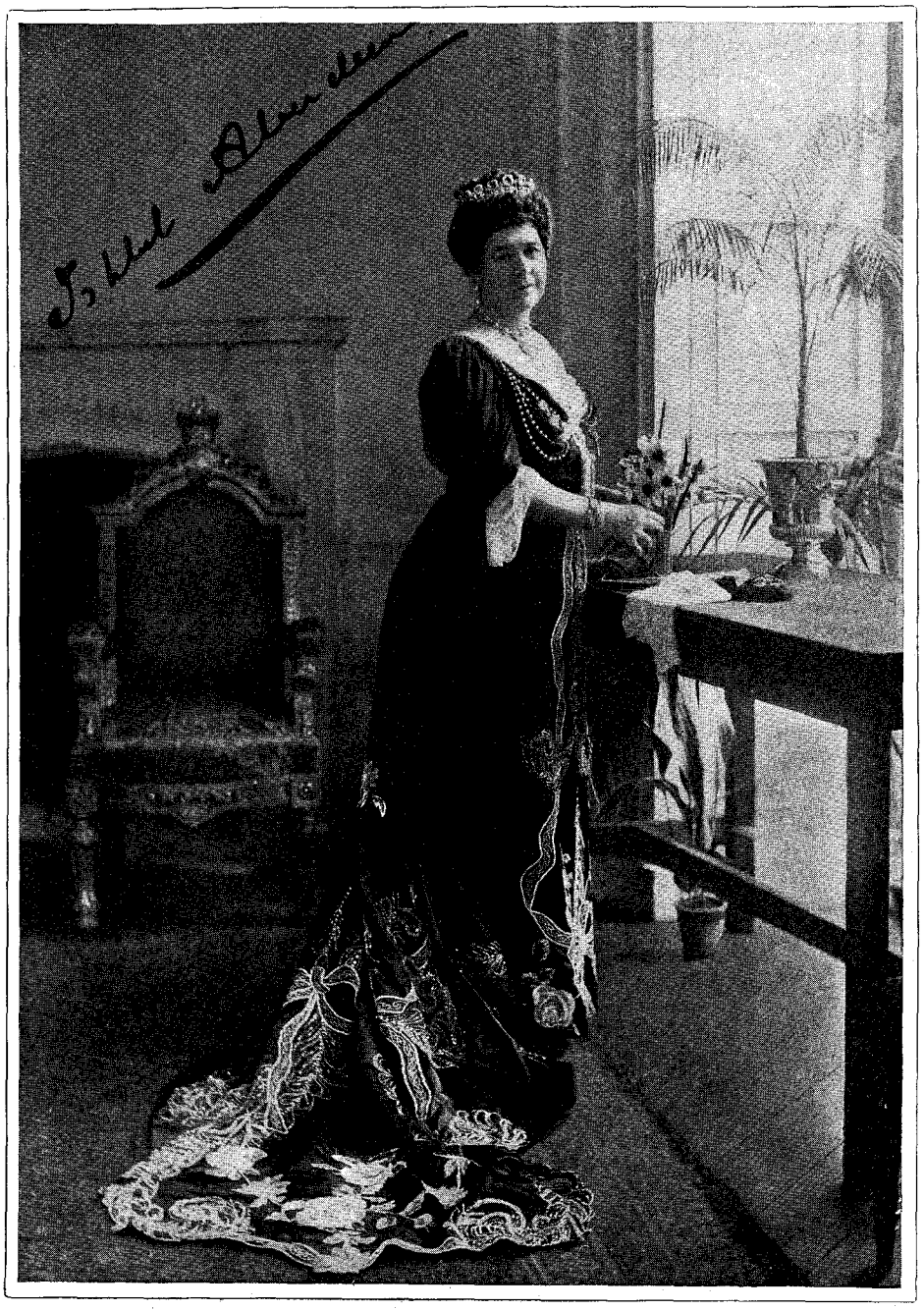

THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN

Ten Downing Street. Miss Asquith is active in many kinds of social betterment work, as shown, among other things, by the establishing in the East End of London of a successful trades school for boys. When they were in New York City Lady Aberdeen and Miss Asquith were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Phipps, who for some time occupied Beaufort Castle in Inverness-shire, Scotland.

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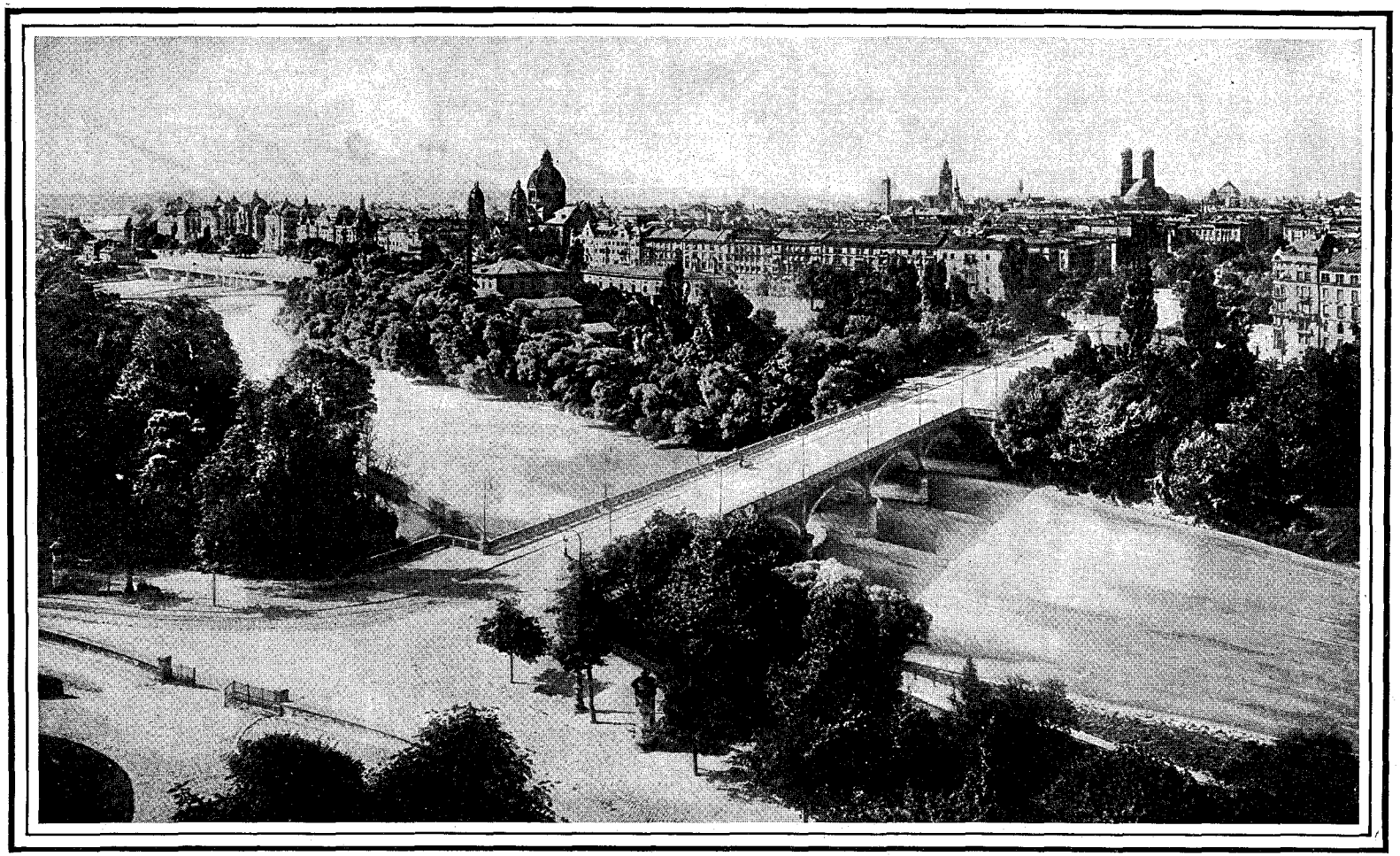

MUNICH ERECTS SPLENDID PERMANENT BUILDINGS FOR PUBLIC GATHERINGS, FOR CONCERTS, FOR FESTIVALS, BUT PRIMARILY FOR ELECTRICAL, INDUSTRIAL, AND OTHER EXPOSITIONS

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Where the Business Men Rule

BY FREDERIC C. HOWE

Author of "The City, the Hope of Democracy"

EVERYWHERE in Europe the city is governed by merchants, manufacturers, bankers, and professional men. Everywhere the city does many things which we would call Socialism. Germany, Austria, England, and, to a growing extent, Italy, Belgium, and France, see in the city a means for promoting business and commerce, an agency for convenience and happiness. To an increasing extent the city is making war on poverty and disease. This idea of the city as a joint stock undertaking for doing things by us left in private hands or not done at all is what most distinguishes the cities of Europe from our own. The European city has a community sense. It enjoys something of the sovereignty of the nation.

With us property is free to do much as it wills. Private business is sovereign. We have little city sense. The rights of the community have been split into a thousand parts. Councils, legislatures, and courts reflect the will of private property. Billboard owners, builders, tenements, sky-scrapers, street railways, and land speculators secure freedom from control on the plea that regulation is an interference with liberty or is the taking of property without process of law. We have not yet begun to think in terms of city sovereignty.

European cities see that the community may be injured if the city neglects to protect all business from some business, all people from a few people. This is particularly true in the matter of railway transportation, the control of water-fronts, the building of docks, harbors, and water transportation. Recent years have witnessed phenomenal activity in England, Belgium, and especially in Germany, in the promotion of inland waterways and harbors. The old so-called "dead" towns of Bruges and Ghent are struggling, by the building of canals to the sea, to regain the position enjoyed by them several centuries ago. They are still embellished with monuments suggestive of their mediæval splendor. But Bruges and Ghent have been eclipsed by seaboard cities. Now they are bringing the sea back to their doors. Bruges has recently opened a ship canal seven and one-half miles in length, with a depth of twenty-six feet at the docks. The cost of the undertaking was $5,000,000. The old town of Ghent is constructing a canal twenty miles in length for the same purpose.

We do not think of Brussels as a seaport town, but Brussels is completing an eighteen-mile ship canal to the ocean with twenty feet of water. Belgium is intersected with canals and waterways in competition with the State-owned railways. They explain in part the intense industrial activity of the country.

City officials of Manchester showed me with pride the great ship canal constructed at a cost of $75,000,000 to make Manchester a seaport town. The canal is thirty-five miles in length. It was built partly by private, partly by city capital. The canal was begun in 1883, and was opened to traffic eleven years later. One would hardly believe that the port of Manchester is an artificial one as one travels through the great harbors and docks which have been built where vessels from every section of the globe may be seen unloading and transshipping their cargoes. The harbor suggests that of a seaport town. There are 104 acres of dock water and 152 acres of quays. The docks, warehouses, sheds, grain elevators, hydraulic cranes, and railway sidings, are all owned or controlled by the canal company, to protect the city from exploitation. For the canal was built to relieve the city from excessive railway rates. The industrial life was in peril. The project was opposed by the railways, and was delayed in Parliament for years. For some time the undertaking did not meet interest charges. Now it is self-sustaining. But it yielded dividends to Manchester from the start. It saved the city from the competition of seaport towns and the monopoly charges of the railways.

While I was in Hamburg, one of the city officials told me of an appropriation by the city for a new harbor improvement costing $45,000,000. It had taken, he said, just ten minutes to dispose of it. The harbor of Hamburg, like that of Bremen, is a free port. Here vessels from all over the world ship and reship cargoes inside the port without the pay-

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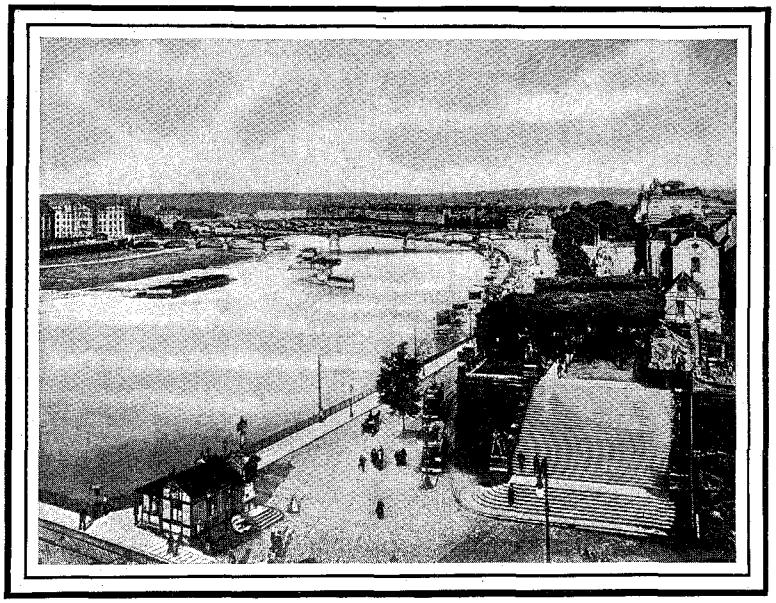

THE WATER FRONT OF DRESDEN
Where the promenade ways and parkways are all designed as a unit

ment of customs duties. Here goods can lie in bond, free of tax, ready for shipment. Thus the free port of Hamburg, though a part of the Empire, has free trade with the world. This explains the wonderful development of the city. For commerce hates obstacles. It avoids tariff laws and taxes. The shipping of America could be greatly stimulated were we to establish free ports of entry along the seaboard.

As one travels up the Rhine the extent of its water traffic is almost as impressive as the beauty of the scenery. The river is filled with boats which trade with inland cities, as well as all along the North Sea. The industrial eminence of Germany is largely traceable to the way in which the nation has utilized the State-owned railways and canals and the cities have developed docks and waterway facilities for the promotion of commerce. Düsseldorf, Cologne, Duisburg, Mainz—all the Rhine cities—have constructed fine harbors equipped with machinery far in advance of our own. Mannheim, almost at the head-waters of the Rhine, has a colossal harbor development. The city of Frankfort is just completing an industrial and harbor project worthy of a city many times its size. I was taken, with the Boston Chamber of Commerce party, about this development. The officials told how Frankfort had purchased 1,180 acres of cheap agricultural land lying about the river Main, a tributary of the Rhine. The Main had to be deepened for miles in order to make it navigable. Harbor basins were dredged by the city into the land. It lined them with cement, and crowned the shore lines with tracks from the near-by railway terminus. One hundred and ten acres were given over to the water basins. Each class of freight has its own dock, in order to prevent confusion. On the embankments electric and hydraulic cranes of the most recent design and mechanism quickly transship freight from water to rail, or to the near-by warehouses and grain silos. Germany aims to reduce the cost of haulage to a minimum.

Five hundred and seventy acres were laid out as a manufacturing area. Factory sites are sold or leased to manufacturers on inviting terms; each of the sites is connected with railway and water traffic. This is one of the ways by which the German city encourages business. This too is the way it controls monopoly. It encourages competition and makes it possible for new industries to compete on equal terms with old-established ones.

Some distance beyond the factory area the city has developed a portion of its property for workingmen's homes. The city recognized that industry and commerce require workingmen. It recognized the equally obvious fact that workingmen require homes that will not impair their efficiency. So it plans to build houses for workingmen that will rent for from five dollars a month upward.

Farther on the city laid out a beautiful park, with provision for all kinds of recreation, with swimming-pools, playgrounds, and rest places. Then Frankfort projected its city-owned street railways out into the suburban villages, so that men could secure cheap and healthy homes away from the city.

Frankfort added fifty per cent to its area. It planned the whole area as a unit. It

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built with an eye to all business, to all people. That this kind of municipal business is profitable is shown by the fact that the opening of the first harbor increased the water traffic of the city by 1,200 per cent.

The total cost of this harbor undertaking is $18,000,000, a very heavy indebtedness for a city of this size (411,000) to assume. But Frankfort expects to reimburse itself for the outlay out of the increased value of the land which the building of the project creates. Instead of contributing millions to near-by landowners the city became a land speculator itself. It bought more land than was needed for the harbor, and now is selling and leasing this land at the increased value which its own activity created. It expects to pay for the harbor from the unearned increments which the city itself is to enjoy.

LAKE ALSTER, IN THE CENTER OF HAMBURG
A park with provision for all kinds of recreation

This is the way the German city develops trade and industry. This too is the way it builds for the city rather than for private advantage. Docks and harbors, railway tracks, promenade ways, and parkways, all are designed as a unit. They are built for commerce, for beauty, for people. There is no dirt, no confusion, no smoke. As in all German cities, the water frontage is prized and protected as one of the most valuable assets of the city.

The water approaches of the average American city are usually given over to railway tracks, to shacks and factories. Rarely are they developed in a far-sighted way for trade and commerce. Less rarely are they beautiful. With the exception of New York, Baltimore, and New Orleans, Los Angeles and San Francisco, few of our seaboard cities have made any serious effort to develop their water frontage, while along the Great Lakes the harbors are for the most part the private possessions of the railways and the Steel Trust. From Duluth to Buffalo the Government has spent tens of millions on harbors, which are mostly in private hands. It would seem reasonable to insist that, before any appropriation is made by the Government, the city or the State should first make provision for the freedom of the harbor from private monopoly.

The business men who govern the British and German cities have taken the street railways, gas, water, and electric lighting industries away from other business men in the interest of the city. Of fifty largest cities in Great Britain, thirty-nine own the water supply, twenty-one the gas, forty-four the electricity, and forty-two the street railways. The percentage of ownership in Germany is somewhat higher. In the latter country, out of the fifty largest cities, forty-eight own the water supply, fifty the gas supply, forty-two the electricity supply, and twenty-three the tramways. And these cities have done with the franchise corporations what the private business men who own them in America say cannot possibly be done. There is no overcrowding on street cars, no "Step lively," "Step forward," on these municipal lines. The city thinks that the tired workingman and working-girl should be treated at least as humanely as the cattle waiting to be slaughtered in the public abattoirs. Passengers are not packed in to make swollen dividends from strap-hangers. The number of passengers permitted to stand is limited.

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One rarely has to adopt the alternative of standing, however. The average street railway fare in England is two and one-tenth cents per passenger. In Germany it is a trifle more.

Cities like Glasgow, Manchester, Liverpool, Düsseldorf, Frankfort, use these agencies as part of city planning, as the city's circulatory organs. The tracks are extended out into the country to cheapen rents and secure healthy living environments. Cars are comfortable and clean. Electric power is sold at a low cost to encourage industry, to check the smoke nuisance, and build up the community, while cheap gas is brought to the poorest by penny-in-the-slot devices.

Transportation, light, power, water, are necessities to the comfort and convenience of the community, to its industry and its people. For this reason they should not be left in private hands, English and German officials argue.

The thing that most distinguishes the European city from our own is the control of property in the interest of people. The city is a physical, not merely a political, thing. It is an agency for good as well as for evil. Officials and business men view their cities as they view their private business, with the same desire to see them prosper, grow in wealth, and enjoy an income from other sources than taxation. Everywhere the city controls private property and private business through ownership as well as regulation. It insures service and cheapness by a municipal monopoly or by municipal competition.

Budapest, like New York, suffered from unsanitary bakeries. The city built a large bakery, and immediately broke the bread trust, reduced the price, and insured weights and quality by so doing. Hamburg says insurance and fire protection ought to go hand in hand. If the people pay for fire protection, they ought to enjoy the profits of fire insurance. So the city insures all property against fire. The rate is less than one-half what it is in the country. Practically all Continental cities own their slaughter-houses. Some of them, like the one just completed by Dresden, are very beautiful. This is the way the German city controls the meat trust. It compels all meat to be slaughtered in city abattoirs and under the most sanitary regulations. There can be no price control with the producer and the retail butcher meeting in the open and with all the middlemen eliminated. Cattle are subject to sanitary inspection and are killed in the most humane way possible. Markets are universally owned by the cities and are operated to keep down prices. Every city has its public pawnshop, while old age savings banks and mortgage banks are maintained to encourage thrift and the building of workingmen's homes.

Düsseldorf owns a controlling interest in the Rhine Interurban Railway. It promoted the enterprise because it was good business to do so. The city is a land speculator on a large scale. It has invested several million dollars in land for the purpose of making profits as well as a means of checking private speculation. There are public employment bureaus in every German city, as well as clean, attractive lodging-houses. Emergency work is found during the winter months or during hard times.

Frankfort, Munich, and other cities are building splendid permanent expositions like world's fairs. They are erected by the city, and are used for public gatherings, for concerts, for festivals, but primarily for electrical, industrial, and other expositions. The Exposition in Munich contains a fine theater, and is the favorite recreation center for the people. Cities even have Turkish baths, that in Munich being one of the most elaborate in the world.

All these enterprises are carried through by business men in the Council. They are indorsed by the business men of the city. They are part of the German conception of what a city should be.

German cities are great landlords. They have been so for generations. Cologne owns fifteen and one-half square miles and Breslau twenty square miles of territory. Frankfort owns one-half the area on which it is built. It uses this land for its own profit. Ulm owns 60 per cent of its area, Mannheim 35 per cent, and Hanover 37.7 per cent. Munich owns 13,597 acres, Strassburg 11,866 acres, while Berlin owns 240 per cent of its area in land within and outside of the city. One of Frankfort's burgomasters said to me: "A city ought to own all the land on which it is built. In this way it can best control its planning." With this in view, German cities are buying land all the time. They anticipate their future needs and restrain the private speculator. In addition land values increase at from four to five per cent per annum. The German business men think it is good business for the city to appropriate this increase in values for its own uses.

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German cities are heavily in debt, but there is no suggestion of bankruptcy. The Burgomaster of Düsseldorf said to me: "Our indebtedness amounts to over $30,000,000, or $130 per capita. We think indebtedness is a healthy sign of a healthy city that appreciates its opportunities, especially in Düsseldorf, where 85 per cent of the debt is for enterprises that pay their own way and materially reduce taxes." One of the officials of Berlin, in addressing the Boston Chamber of Commerce party, said: "Our debt does not concern us. We could pay the entire city indebtedness, amounting to $100,000,000, by the sale of a small portion of the land we own. However, this is not necessary, for nearly $70,000,000 of our debt is for productive undertakings which carry themselves."

The per capita debt of German cities is much higher than our own. Cities borrow just as does a business man, and with the same end in view. It is a good thing to be in debt, officials say, if the debt represents something of value, if it yields a direct or indirect profit from the investment. The average debt of thirteen English cities with a population of more than 200,000 is over $100 a head. In Germany the average debt of this class of cities is $85 per head. Manchester has a debt of $180 per capita and Frankfort of $140. The debt of Munich is $125, of Düsseldorf $130, and of Charlottenburg $120 a head. Most of this debt is for business undertakings, for gas and street railways, for docks and harbors. It carries itself and helps the city as well.

The indebtedness of the average American city is much less. The debt of Chicago is very low. It is but $25.66 per capita. The debt of Cleveland is but $65.72 per capita; of Detroit, $18.78; of Washington, $28.67; of Milwaukee, $28.56; and of Philadelphia, $61.64; while that of Greater New York is $212.85. The last expenditure, however, includes subways, docks, ferries, water-works, and other investments of a valuable kind that support themselves in whole or in part out of earnings.

There is a generosity of expenditure in the German cities that is not found in England, and, bearing in mind the purchasing power of money and the lower wages and cost of living they spend more generously than our cities do. Certainly they spend more willingly for beauty, for adornment, for music, for art, and the amenities of life.

There is also a willingness on the part of business men to bear taxes. It seems as though they struck a trial balance in their minds of the taxes they pay, and saw the gains from the city expenditure. Officials in Düsseldorf figured out for us that beauty, comfort, convenience, contributed directly to the city's business. They told how the Steel Trust had made the city its home after a study of all the surrounding cities; told of the palatial buildings erected by the company as proof of the wisdom of Mayor Marx's policy. They pointed out the wonderful department store of Tietz, a monument of architecture of which the city is proud. Even manufacturers are attracted by the beautiful in selecting a site. People choose homes with this in view. Of course, travelers from America, England, and Germany seek out cities that spend generously for education, art, music, the drama, and beauty. All these things bring money to the town. They promote business; they increase land values; they increase the taxable value of the city and yield a direct return ultimately in lower taxes. So these German business men regard the subject, and encourage debt, expenditure, taxes, with this ultimate return in view.

Cologne, a city of 468,000 population, spends $129,000 for parks, $97,000 for public baths, and $500,000 for music, the theater, for art and science museums. Düsseldorf, with 350,000 people, spends $64,000 on parks, $110,500 on its theaters and orchestras, and $45,425 for art and science. Mainz, with a population of 105,000, spends $29,400 on the theater, $16,000 on baths, $19,000 on an orchestra. Essen, with 265,000 population, spends $9,730 on an orchestra and $12,500 on a theater. Music, the opera, and the drama are a public rather than a private function in Germany. They are encouraged by subsidies from the cities and the State.

The surprising thing about these German business men who rule the cities is that they assume most of the cost of it themselves. There is first the income tax. Nearly one-half the revenue of the German city comes from the income taxes. Prussia levies a tax on incomes which rises to four per cent on large incomes. The city income tax is a certain percentage of the State tax. It ranges from 100 per cent to 500 per cent, or even 600 per cent, of the State tax. In other words, the total tax on a large income would range from 8 per cent to 25 per cent, according to the municipality. And it is the pro-

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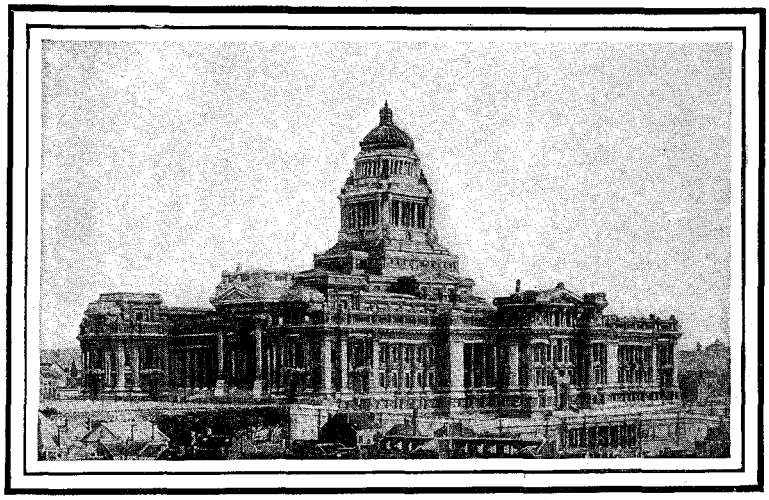
gressive municipalities that have a low income tax rate. Then there is a tax on houses, measured by the rental paid. Then there is a tax on trade and industry paid by all business men earning a net profit above $375. There are beer and license taxes and taxes on tickets sold to places of amusement. These are the principal sources of city revenues.

In 1904 Frankfort discovered a tax that has since spread all over Europe. It gave this tax the unpronounceable name of *Wertzuwachssteuer,* or "unearned increment," tax. The officials of Frankfort saw land values increasing with every addition to the population and prosperity of the city. They saw that these land values were social values, and should be enjoyed by the community. So they worked out a tax by which the city takes a portion of the land speculator's profits. The city's share ranges from one to twenty-five per cent of the profits made on a sale. And if there is no sale and the land remains in the owner's hands for over twenty years, the tax is assessed just the same on any increase which takes place in value. The justice of this new tax was immediately appreciated by other cities. It swept over the Empire and was adopted by over three hundred cities in two years' time. In 1911 the Reichstag recognized the principle and enacted a law for taxing unearned increments all over the Empire. It made the tax of universal application in the cities. The rates are ten per cent of the gain if the profits do not exceed ten per cent; eleven per cent if the increase in value is between ten per cent and thirty per cent, from which the tax progresses until it amounts to thirty per cent of the profits. The receipts from the tax are divided as follows: fifty per cent goes to the Empire, ten per cent to the State, and forty per cent to the city. Cities have power to increase the rate still further. Frankfort's discovery has spread to Switzerland, to Austria, and to Belgium. The British Budget of 1909 was partly inspired by it.

This discovery of land value taxation has spread to our own continent. In 1906 the city of Vancouver, in western Canada, reduced taxes on houses and improvements by twenty-five per cent. The results were so satisfactory that it later reduced the improvement tax by fifty per cent. Finally, in 1909, the city abolished the taxation of houses, improvements, and personal property altogether. It now collects all its local revenues from land values alone. The result was electric. It stimulated building. It discouraged land speculation. Speculators sold their idle land holdings and workingmen became home-owners. Capital came to Vancouver because investments were free from taxation. The bringing of land into use and the exemption of improvements from taxation stimulated industry of all kinds. Wages rose with the demand for labor, and business prospered because wage-owners were employed and had money to spend. Vancouver has grown with wonderful rapidity. It set such a pace of prosperity that one Canadian city after another adopted the experiment. The following cities have abolished the taxation of improvements, and collect their local revenue from a single tax levied upon land values.



THE LAW COURT IN BRUSSELS

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These cities are: Vancouver, with a population of 110,000; Prince Rupert, with a population of 8,000; Victoria, with 60,000; Westminster, with 15,000; Edmonton, with 35,000; Lethbridge, with 15,000; and Nanajino, with 6,000 people. In none of the cities that have adopted this experiment is there any movement to return to the general property tax on buildings and improvements.

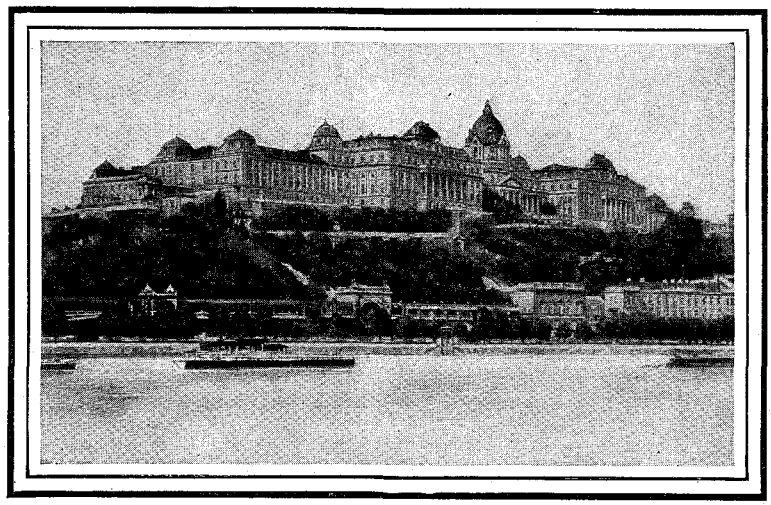
The idea of exempting improvements from taxation has spread to the United States. The city of Everett, Washington, with a population of 15,000, has exempted improvements from taxation by a referendum vote; and a number of other cities in the State, as well as many counties in Oregon, will within the next twelve months vote upon the question of exempting all improvements from taxation.

From income tax	$2,685,000
" pure land tax	75,000
" house tax	1,025,000
" business tax	400,000
" change of ownership	525,000
	$4,710,000

In addition, there is a substantial revenue from beer tax, dog tax, tax on tickets to places of amusement, drain dues, refuse cartage, etc.

Dr. Albert Sudekum, the eminent German authority on municipal administration and a member of the Reichstag, in addressing the Boston Chamber of Commerce party, said: "A new science is being born in Germany. It is the science of community living. Germany is adjusting the industrial city to the comfort and happiness of the people."

I think this is true. Germany and Continental cities generally are building cities for



THE CASTLE IN BUDAPEST

German business men tax themselves instead of shifting the taxes on to the poor, as they could quite easily do under the laws of Prussia, for German cities have wide latitude in the matter of taxation. The tax budget of a German city may be interesting. That of the city of Düsseldorf (population 350,000) for 1910 was as follows:

From the income tax	$1,825,000
" ground-owners	825,000
" business taxes	290,000
" warehouses, etc	40,000
" brewers, etc	40,000
" sale of beer	15,000
" dog tax	25,000
" theater and ticket	100,000
" land and transfer tax	380,000
	$3,540,000

The revenue of Frankfort (1909) from taxation was as follows:

people. They are reducing the costs of industry by humanizing administration in the interest of all classes. In spite of the autocratic nature of the German Government, her cities have developed the most democratic administration in the modern world. The efficiency of Germany is largely traceable to the big vision of the city, to an appreciation of the necessity of controlling the predatory greed of the few for the welfare of the many. It is the understanding of the fact that some business is, of necessity, public business, to be operated by the State or the city, that explains the prosperity of all business in that country. It is this, too, that explains the expanding power of Germany in the markets of the world and the comparative contentment of her people even under the most exhausting taxes.

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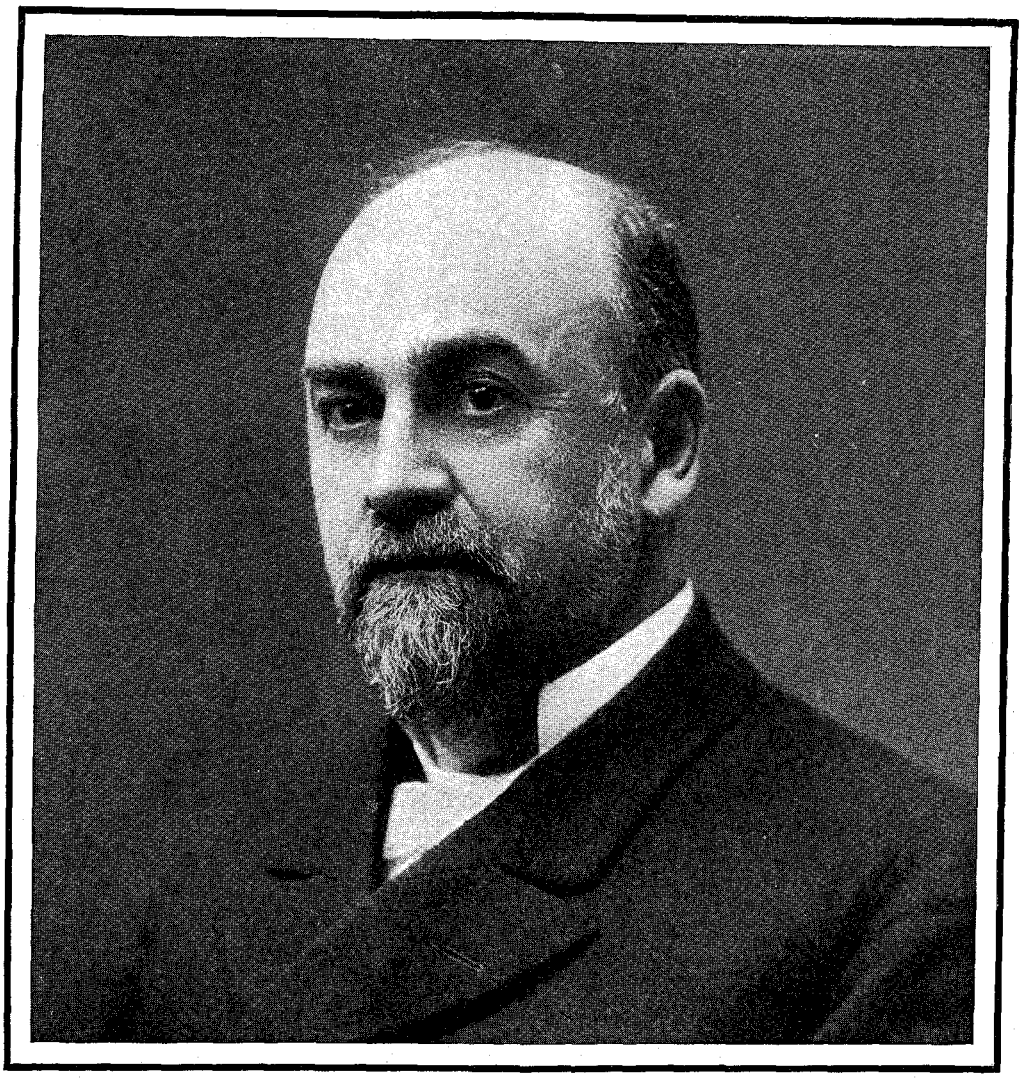

BISHOP EUGENE RUSSELL HENDRIX
First President of the Federal Council of Churches

Uniting the Churches

THE churches are finding a way of "getting together." It is the way the American Colonies followed. Like those contentious Colonies, which united when they found themselves engaged together in war, the churches have found a common enemy. It is the social wrong that is sacrificing little children to machinery, women to the burdens of industry, men to excessive toil, and men, women, and children to the ravages of alcoholism, of disease, of poverty. In the face of this common enemy, the churches, without losing their separate identity, have established a confederation so as to "form a more perfect union" and to "promote the general welfare."

This church confederation is known as the "Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America." It comprises about thirty denominations, including the greatest of them, with a total population—if the word may be used in this way—of some fifteen or sixteen millions.

The first four-year period of its existence

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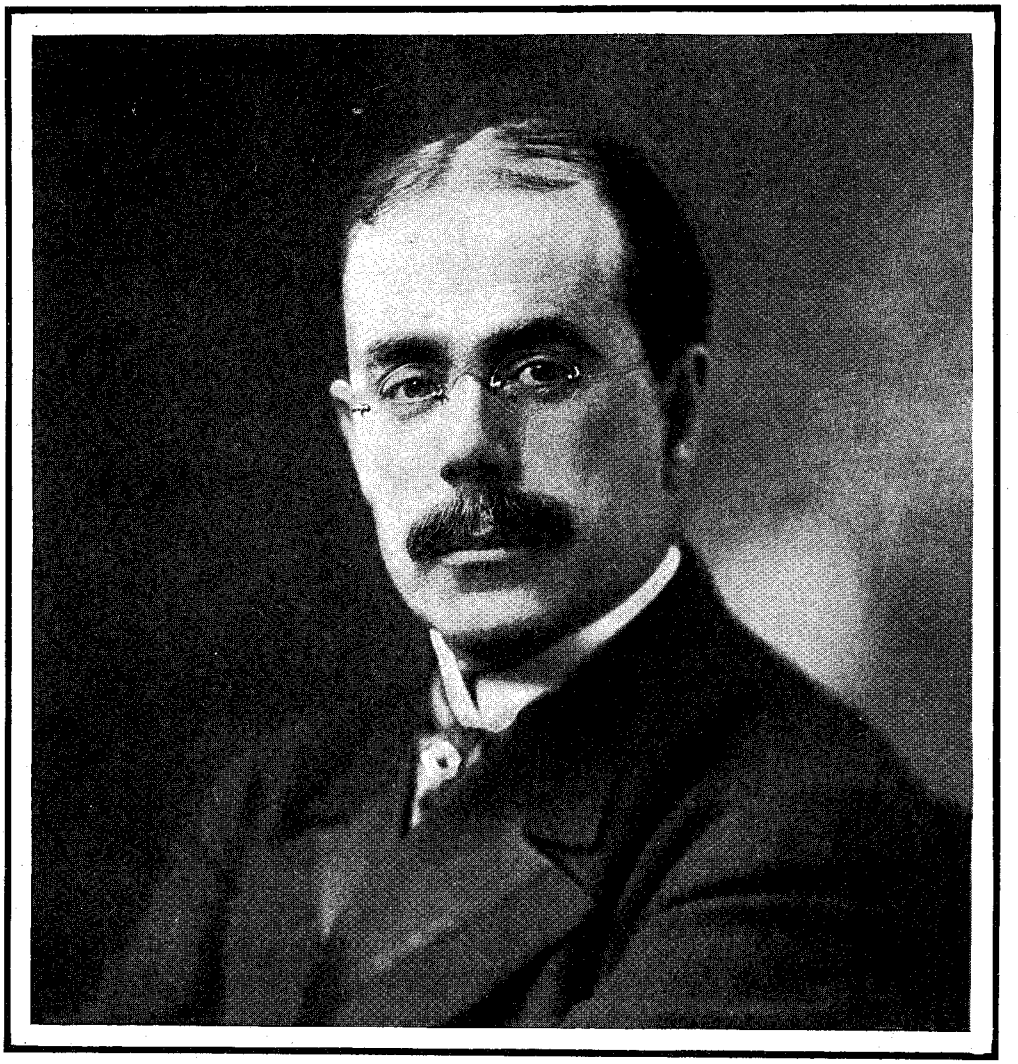

DR. SHAILER MATHEWS

Dean of the University of Chicago, second President of the Federal Council of Churches

has just closed. That this period has been passed in safety and has been marked by progress is due in no small measure to the first President of the Council, Bishop Eugene Russell Hendrix, D.D., of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. His success comes from a rare combination of wisdom, geniality, and firmness. Bishop Hendrix has received many honors in the course of the sixty-five years of his life, but none of them will so contribute to his lasting reputation as the service he has rendered in the formative period of this great federation.

His successor, Dr. Shailer Mathews, Dean of the University of Chicago, elected as President of the Council last month, is a representative of the Baptist denomination. He comes to his office finding the federation well organized, and it is his task to direct it in its early constructive work. For his task he has been well prepared. He is Nationally recognized as a student of social questions, particularly with relation to their religious meaning. His breadth of mind, his quickness of apprehension, his businesslike ways, his courage, and his understanding of his fellow-men, render him, at the age of forty-nine, well adapted to the place of leadership in a period that promises to be one of activity and achievement.

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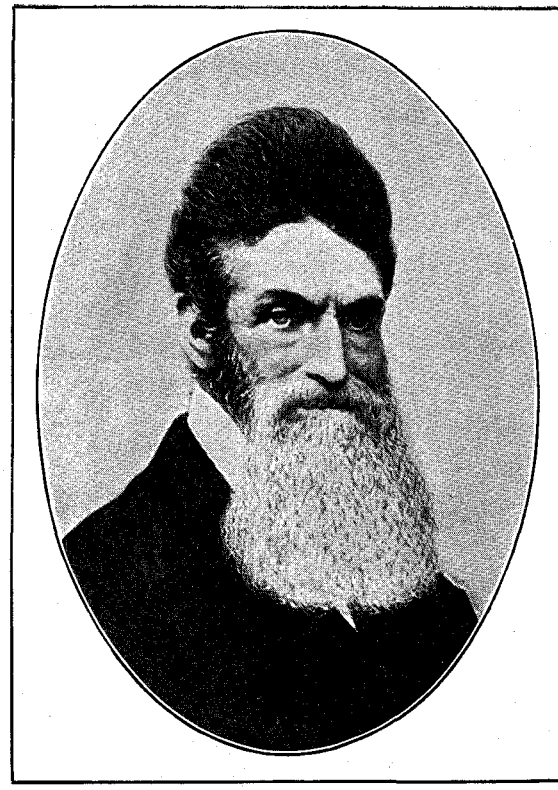

JOHN BROWN

My Father, John Brown

BY SALMON BROWN, THE ONLY SURVIVOR OF TWENTY CHILDREN

Salmon Brown, aged and infirm, lives at Montavilla, Oregon. A married daughter, Agnes Brown-Evans, cares for her father in addition to her other family duties. In reminiscent mood at times, Mr. Brown gave the facts as set down here, and the daughter gathered them and compiled them for publication, with the assistance of Mr. A. H. Harris, of the Portland, Oregon, "Labor Press."—THE EDITORS.

PERHAPS the most striking characteristics of my father, as his children knew him, was his faith in God, his faith in his family, and his sense of equity. For whatever else may be said of John Brown, he was true to his God as he knew his duty, he was strongly devoted to the interests of his family, and he never wronged a man where the interests of justice—as he saw the situation—did not demand it of him. He was stern when need be, but sympathetic and just always.

My memory goes back to the days long before the war, when slavery was not considered such a National sin as it was about the time Lincoln came on the scene. My early recollections of my father have to do with his hatred of slavery, his hatred for everything that would take from one man a single right and give to his fellow even a petty advantage. He was just in his conception of the rights of men, and could never understand why others were determined to reap where they had not sown, to profit unjustly by the efforts of others.

My early recollections go back clearly to the old home at Hudson, Ohio, where I was born, October 2, 1836. Our home was an old-fashioned house, with a great rock nearly covering half an acre of land and nearly as

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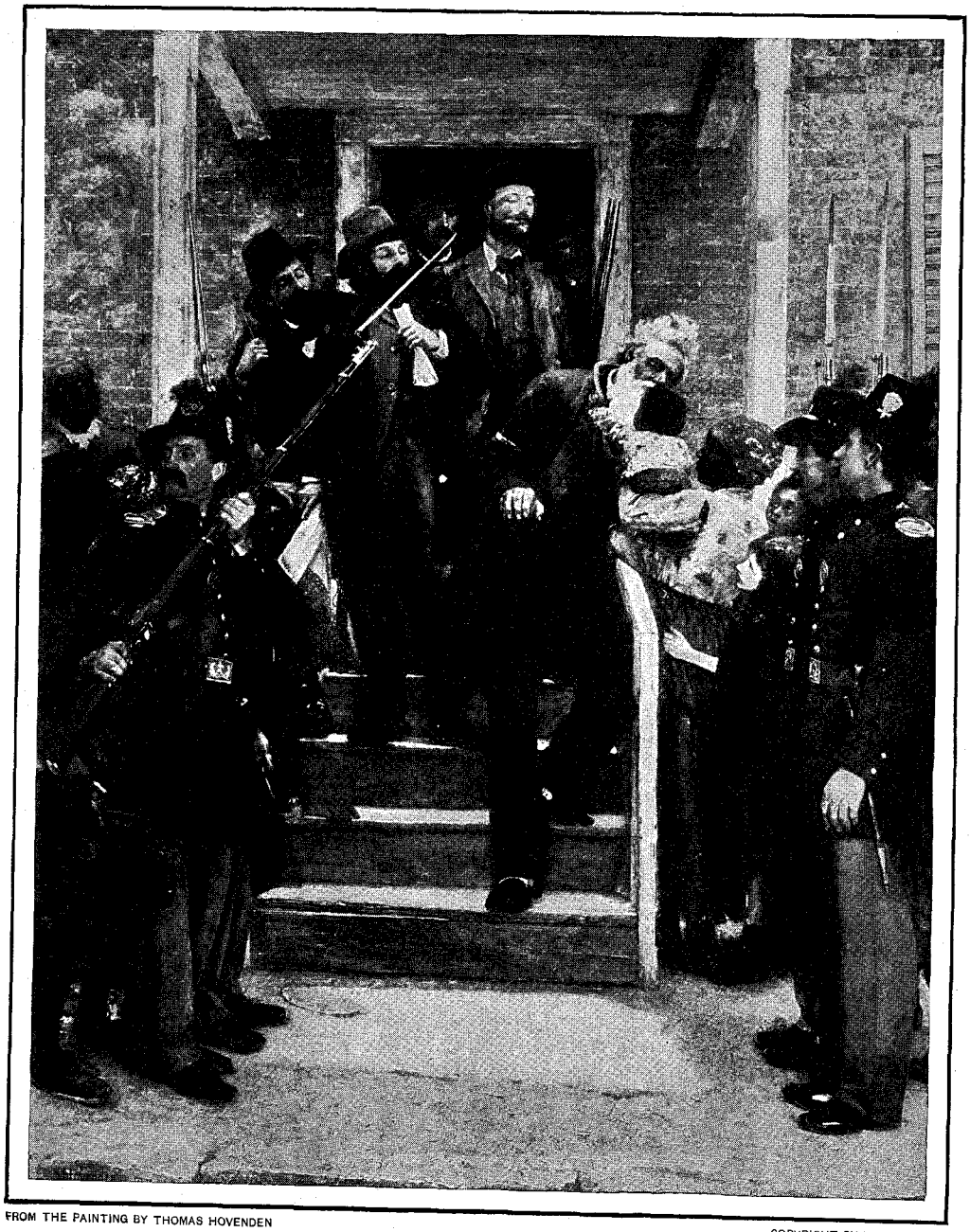

FROM THE PAINTING BY THOMAS HOVENDEN

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LAST MOMENTS OF JOHN BROWN

On the night of October 16, 1859, aided by less than twenty men, he surprised Harper's Ferry, seized the arsenal and armory, and took forty prisoners. He was captured the next day, was tried in November, and was hanged at Charlestown, Virginia, in December. He met his death with serene composure

high as the house. A spring bubbled out of the side of the rock, forming a basin and then running off in a "creek," as we called it. I have clear recollections of being chased by Aunt Martha and my sister Ruth all over the big rock in an effort to make me eat butter on my bread. Like my father, I have always disliked butter; why, I do not know.

In a large living-room was a fireplace ten feet long, with huge andirons and a crane and hooks to hang kettles upon. We boys would cut logs two and three feet through for the fireplace, and at night, in winter, two

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great back-logs were covered with ashes to hold fire. Father would sit in front of a lively fire and take up us children one, two, or three at a time, and sing until bedtime. We all loved to hear him sing as well as to talk of the conditions in the country, over which he seemed worried. A favorite song with father and us children was "Blow Ye the Trumpet, Blow."

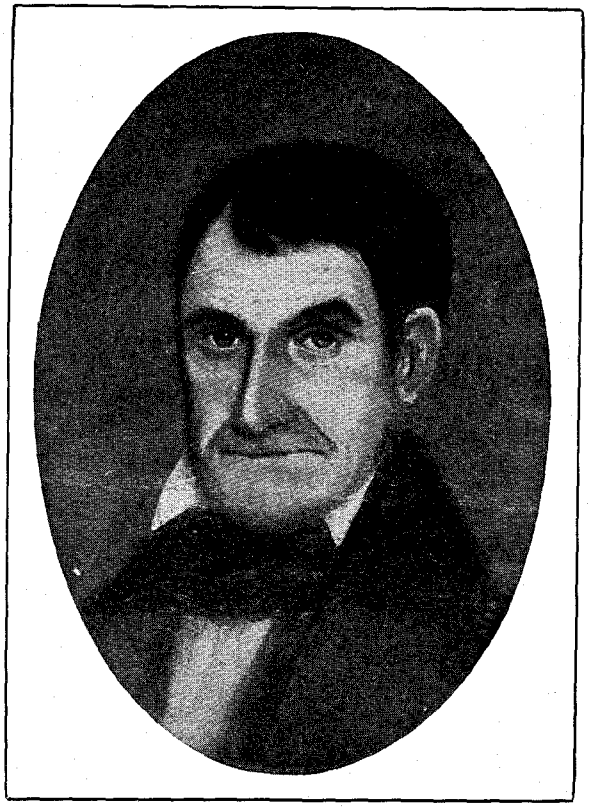
We lived in an old whitewashed log house at Richfield, Ohio, with a mill-pond and creek dam, with mud-turtles, which we boys would fatten and eat. The turtles would jerk for twenty-four hours after being cooked, it seemed to us. At Richfield three children died—three in less than three weeks—a calamity from which father never fully recovered. Two years later another, a year old, was burned to death. Of the three that died at Richfield, Charles was very swift and strong, his legs and arms straight as broomsticks, of sandy complexion, quiet as a cat, but brave as a tiger. Peter was very stout, darker, the best-looking member of the family.

Father had fine Saxony sheep at Richfield. Later in his career, at Akron, while running sheep with Simon Perkins, he took first prize at the first World's Fair ever held (at London, England) in competition with all countries, exhibiting one hundred fleeces of Saxony lambs.

Father was a strict observer of the Sabbath. Sunday evenings he would gather the family and hired help together, and have the Ten Commandments and the Catechism repeated. Sometimes he would preach a regular sermon to us. Besides we had prayers morning and night of every day, with Bible reading, all standing during prayer, father himself leaning on a chair upreared on the forward legs, the old-fashioned Presbyterian way. He was greatly concerned over the spiritual welfare of us boys, whose beliefs were more or less reactionary. He constantly expostulated when with us, and in letters when away. His expressed hope was "that ye sin not, that you form no foolish attachments, that you be not a companion of fools."

Father had great confidence in us children. He never said "Don't tell," but simply trusted to our not telling. Before a child of seven or eight he would calmly discuss plans he would not have breathed before older persons.

Father was five feet ten inches in height, slightly stoop-shouldered after middle life, with eyes sky blue, hair dark brown till tinged with gray, nose hawked and thin, skin florid, spare but muscular in build. His form and features attracted the attention of strangers quickly. He always dressed in snuff-colored broadcloth for good clothes, and was always neat. He wore boots, as was the custom of those days, and wore white shirts with a plait on each side of the bosom. Usually he walked with his hands clasped behind him, often with his eyes on the ground, as if in deep thought. So far as I know he was never sick a day, and never missed a meal on account of his own illness. This was also true of his father.



THE FATHER OF JOHN BROWN

Blood has always been thick in the Brown family. Family ties were firm, and the tendency has been strong to "stick together." I first noticed this family trait in my father's case when he would go to grandfather's bed —after he became

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old—and tuck the covers about him as a mother would do with her children.

Our old home was a model of orderliness, and quiet always prevailed when father was about. The meals were served leisurely, but with due order and silence. The long table where twelve children, the largest number ever living at any time (1843), sat down with keen appetites was a model of the time.

A favorite dish with us children was corn-meal mush cooked the whole afternoon long in a huge iron caldron, and served with rich milk or cream. It left a crust a half-inch thick in the caldron, and tasted, so I affirm to this day, like no other mush ever made. The table was always neatly set, never without a white tablecloth; the food was coarse, hearty farmers' food, always in abundance, and always well served. Frugality was observed from a moral standpoint; but, one and all, we were a well-fed, well-clad lot. Considerable hardship was entailed when father left to engage in the Kansas warfare; but real poverty never obtruded itself till his death.

THE MOTHER OF JOHN BROWN

There were no drones in the Brown hive. Little toddlers unable to help were at least not allowed to hinder; as soon as they had achieved a show of stable control of their uncertain little legs the world of work opened to them. There was no pampering, little petting. The boys could turn a steak or brown a loaf as well as their mother.

Despite his relentless sternness, and underlying it, cropping through in his later years, when paternalism of necessity gave way to comradeship, there ran in John Brown's nature a strain of intense tenderness. Suffering in himself he bore without a murmur; but every fiber of his being was wrung by the suffering of others. It brought out the woman in him, the John Brown little known to history, who sat around the great open fireplace at night with his children in his arms and sang them to sleep; who rose on the coldest night and paced the floor with a colicky child, while his wife, worn by child-bearing and child-rearing, lay in bed asleep; and who was ever the nurse in sickness, watchful, tireless, tender, allowing no one to lift the burden of the night watch from him. During a protracted illness of my mother he hovered over her night and day, sleeping for a fortnight only at intervals in his chair, unrelieved of his clothes, afraid to go to bed lest he oversleep.

His kindness toward dumb animals was proverbial. He was like the Israelite of old, sheltering the ninety-and-nine, but refusing shelter for himself till the straying hundredth was safely folded. A chilled and dying lamb was a spectacle upon which he would spend his energies till it either died or stood stolidly upon its crooked legs. Even the Monday's wash, soaking in the tubs, was once put aside in order to thaw in the warm, soapy water the numbing death chill from a little straggler's bones.

Family worship was as inexorably a matter of habit as eating or sleeping. The burden of father's soul was the souls of his children, and he strove with them without ceasing. The day's work was ushered in and out with Scripture and prayer. Provided each with a Bible, we read in rotation, father leading with several verses from the large family Bible;

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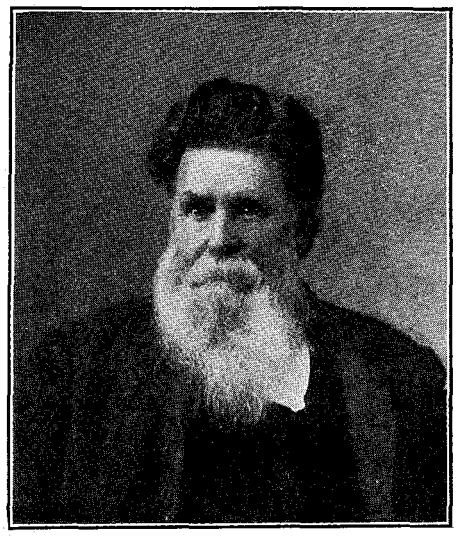
mother following with several more from an old Bible bound in sheepskin which father himself had tanned; then on through the long line of children. During prayers all stood, father leaning against the back of a chair upreared on its forward legs, dead to the world and to the pranks of his unregenerate boys, who slyly prodded each other with pins and trampled upon each other's toes to relieve the tension. The week was opened by a Sunday service.



SALMON BROWN

Our long trip from New York to Kansas brought many unusual experiences to the large family. Father outfitted well for the trip, which was beset with unforeseen hardships. But no one questioned the wisdom of the undertaking or feared the result.

At Brunswick, Missouri, we crossed the Missouri River. Near Independence was a slave pen, built like a chicken coop, only stronger and higher. Inside the pen was the auction block. This slave-selling stirred father to the depths of his soul. As he waited for the ferry he saw slaves handcuffed for the journey down the river to New Orleans. Cholera at that time was fearfully epidemic, people dying by hundreds on the boats. Jason's boy, four years old, contracted the disease and died there. The following spring father had the child's body removed to Kansas, thinking Jason would feel better to have the boy's body off Missouri soil.

On the first trip to Kansas father traded dogs with an old Quaker. The Quaker's dog was a ratter, which father wanted as a watch-dog. The trade was made on Sunday, but father would not exchange dogs till Monday.

One day an old Missourian came up to our wagon. "Whar you going?" he asked.

"To Osawatomie."

"Whar you from?"

"New York."

"You'll never live to get thar," informed the Missourian.

"We are prepared not to die alone," answered father quietly, and the man slouched off.

Father was a man of intense earnestness in all things that interested him. Events which changed the course of his life occurred unexpectedly and even strangely. While he was living in Pennsylvania it was the custom for every farmer to have a barrel of whisky in the house. It was also the custom to have "bees" and barn-raisings. A tavern-keeper was to have a barn-raising, and father was to be there. The tavern-keeper needed more liquor and sent to Meadville by father, then scarcely in middle life, for a three-gallon jug. The liquor cost twenty-five cents a gallon. On the road from Meadville father became thirsty and began taking "nips" from the jug. He was accustomed to drinking from his own barrel, and did not think the practice wrong. On the way to the barn-raising father realized that liquor was getting hold of him, and he became alarmed. He afterward spoke of the occurrence frequently. He reasoned that if liquor would lead him to drink from another man's jug it was surely gaining control over him—a thing he could not allow. Coming to a large rock by the roadway, he smashed the jug upon it, vowing that he would not be responsible for his neighbors' drinking at the barn-raising, where accidents might happen. He paid for the liquor, and when he reached home rolled his whisky barrel into the back yard and smashed it to pieces with an ax. No liquor was allowed about the house afterwards.

Father was strongly fixed in most of his habits. He worked with the same earnestness year after year; he ate regularly, and went to bed and arose at the same hours, whenever it was possible. It was always difficult for him to fit himself to circumstances; he wanted conditions to change for him—and he usually brought about the things he most desired. His persistence was as strongly developed as was his firmness. With it all the large family of boys usually held firmly to the idea that father was right; that his foresight was unusual.

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Until the Harper's Ferry "trip" was planned father had never found reaction in the spirits of his boys. Where he had led we were glad to follow—and every one of us had the courage of his convictions. Whatever else may be said of the Brown family, I feel that no one will charge us with lacking in bravery at the time when the shadows lowered and there was that dreadful feeling that a great mistake had been made. When death—and the gallows—enters a family it is a time that tries men's souls.

It may have been fear that led me to revolt against the proposed trip to Virginia, which father urged us boys to join him in. I thought the matter over and concluded that I would not go, that for the first time I could not go side by side with father. He urged and reasoned, and regretted my determination to stay at home, perhaps as he had never regretted the act of any of his children. But I felt that the trip was a mistake, that it was not the wise thing to do, and stayed at home. The slaughter at Harper's Ferry showed me clearly that father had miscalculated somewhere; I had no fears of death as the result of the effort against slavery. We never learned just how father accounted for his being trapped as he was.

Father never did anything that he thought was not worth doing well. As a boy he learned the lessons of thoroughness from his father, a tanner who lived in Ohio. Before father was fifteen years of age he learned something of tanning skins and determined to learn the trade of a tanner. He had not told his father of his intentions, but one day a currying-knife would not take an edge until father put it on the stone. In trying the knife father began graining a skin, and it was discovered that he had mastered much of the detail of the trade. Soon afterwards he was charged with a large part of the management of the tannery.

At eighteen the religious nature of father had developed until he determined to go to a New England college and study for the ministry. After a period of hard study he gave up the effort on account of inflammation of the eyes which had fastened itself upon him. At twenty he married and removed to Pennsylvania, where he took up wild land and built a tannery near Meadville. The land was covered with a heavy growth of hemlock, maple, and beech, and the task of clearing it was heartbreaking. The tannery was built of stone, and remains to this day. A great tan-bark yard—several acres of refuse—was soon developed, and here the first children had their playground. Every influence of the surroundings was rugged at least.

While father operated the tannery successfully and engaged in the sheep business with profit, his spirit was constantly struggling with the problems of the National life. He established at Springfield, Massachusetts, the first wool commission house in the United States, and operated it at a profit to himself and to wool-growers. When the Fugitive Slave Law was passed, he quickly made his warehouse a "station" on the "underground railway," sacrificing business and profit to principle. His blooded sheep industry was also sacrificed on the altar of freedom for the black man. Father may have been a fanatic, but he had some intensely practical and homely ideas which were lost sight of when his acts tended to throw the Nation into sectional strife and warfare. The country saw him as a reckless adventurer; his family knew him as a just and generous man.

Following the dark days at Harper's Ferry, the suffering of mother and the family was intense. Despised bitterly by all who sympathized with slavery and considered as the victims of a righteous wrath by many of the North, our family was long buffeted from pillar to post. Efforts to forget were fruitless. The passing years did not heal the horrible wounds made by the country father had tried so hard to help to a plane of higher living.

With nearly all my brothers and sisters gone to their reward, many of them before the Nation realized the importance of father's work, with more than half a century intervening since the tragedy at Harper's Ferry, during which time public judgment has calmed and changed materially, I feel that no apology is needed on behalf of John Brown, husband and father kind and true, however much some may still doubt the saneness of his work for the abolition of that horrible National curse, slavery.

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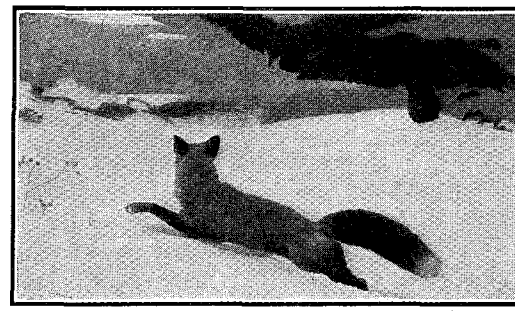
Nature Month By Month

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL



BY PERMISSION OF THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS

THE FOX HUNT. BY WINSLOW HOMER

February—The Silent Month

WINTER has reached an equilibrium. Calm and silence reign. The nervous "yank-yank" of a nuthatch, the cheerful retort of that jolly optimist the chickadee, getting a snug living in the orchard from such trifles as insect eggs and scale-bugs, are all the bird voices one hears near the house, save the chirping of neighborly juncos or the occasional yell of a blue jay.

Out in the stubble and along the country roads lean crows flit from one bare spot to another, struggling against famine; they fly to the beaches when near the coast, and fare well, but in the snowy interior they must have a dolorous time. A restless flock of snow-buntings drift here and there over the weedy fields, as aimless, irresponsible, and noiseless as the blown flakes themselves, yet keep fat on seeds. Where pine and spruce trees prevail the rambler frequently hears the rattle of chips on the snow-crust, and, looking up, sees a flock of crossbills prying open the cones and twisting out the oily nuts. To these food stores come also the pine finches and the larger pine grosbeaks, industrious, quiet, and confiding. Spread crumbs for a few days, and you may induce them to take the dainty from your hands. All are clothed in an inconspicuous motley, yet the shrike—that keen copyist of the falcon—gets them; and all are unsuspicious of men, who are few and harmless in their native wilderness.

So hardy are some of February's birds that the month is scarcely closed before various owls have begun housekeeping, and the great horned owl may already have young in a snow-rimmed cradle. These bandits make this a fearful season for the roosting birds, whether hidden in thickets or, like the grouse and quail, snuggled under ground-sweeping spruce boughs; and the scream of the lovelorn cat-owl is the most terrible sound in February's silence. By day there are enemies too—the eagle, the peregrine, the roughleg, and the pigeon-hawk.

But birds are not the only creatures abroad amid the cold. In the northern woods the deer become imprisoned by snow within the "yard" a band can keep trampled down, where they devour all the browse they can reach; but farther south they wander about and often come to the farmer's stacks to share fodder with his cattle. Hares abound everywhere, and in Canada form the main subsistence of the lynx and the fur-bearers. Foxes range the snowy fields and woods, stealing (with the owls) the farmer's poultry, stalking a quail or grouse or plunging after it when it seeks safety beneath a drift, pouncing upon rabbits, digging out mice and lemmings, and alert for any advantage. Otters range the watercourses, fishing in the open places or swimming from one to another under the ice, and make long journeys from valley to valley, sliding headlong down every slope instead of running. Along the rivers, too, hunt the minks, searching their margins for mice, waiting by the spring-holes for a fish to rise within grasping distance (and thus often getting a feast of eels), or digging frogs

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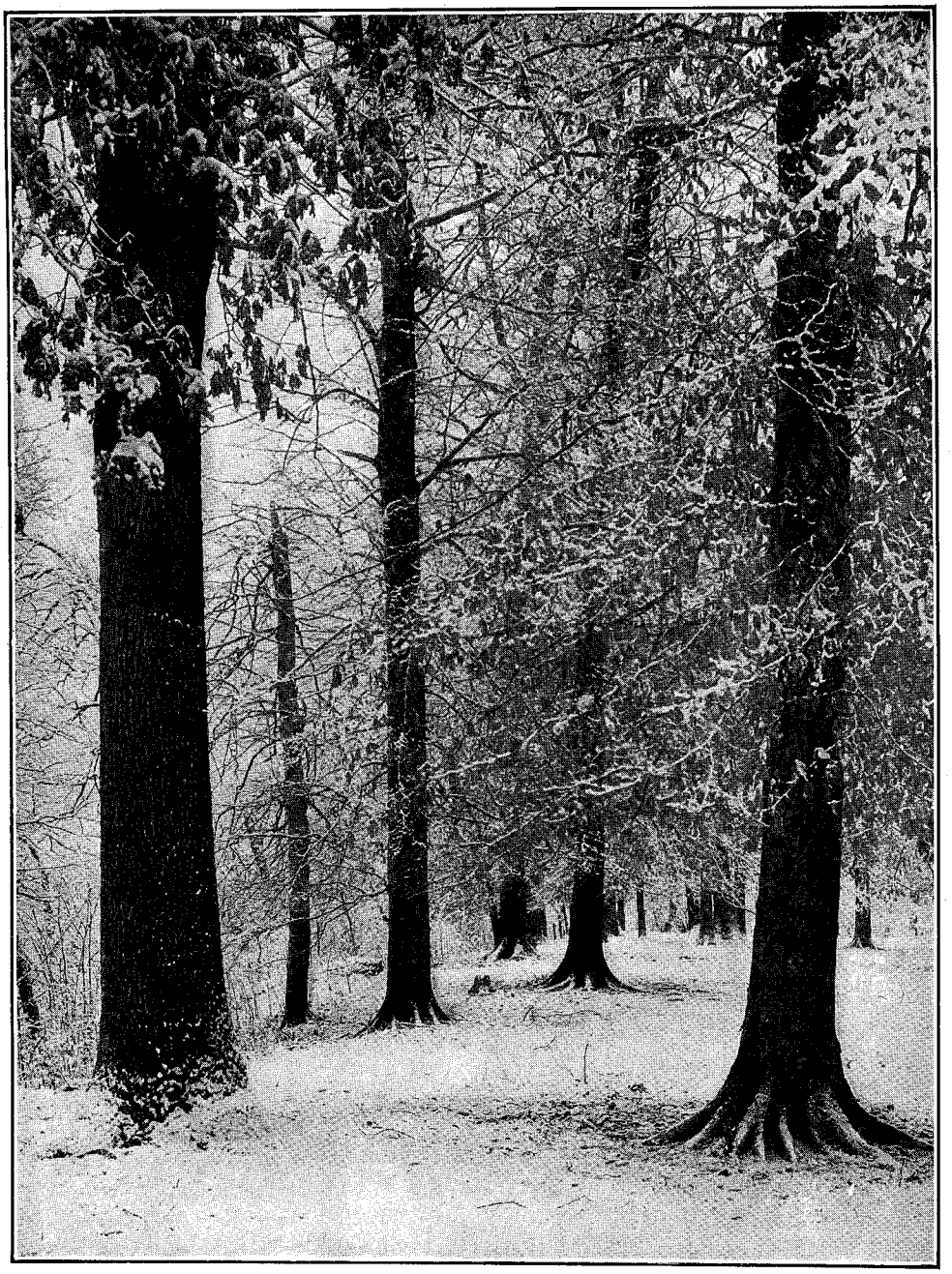

and worms out of the mud of the shallows. They are the worst foes of the muskrats, whose castles grow weak toward the winter's end and are raided by both minks and foxes, while any muskrat who ventures ashore does so at great peril. Weasels range far and wide now, by day as well as by night, and make a good living. The chipmunks, woodchucks, and jumping-mice are safe in their underground beds, making "a sleep and a forgetting" of the famine months, but both red and gray squirrels are frequently abroad, mice and shrews are boring tunnels under the snow or mining the rotten logs, and rabbits are always to be had.

To the eye of the observant rambler tracks in the snow tell the story—a story which may seem tragedy, but which, from nature's point of view, is only an episode in the general plan of life.

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Life Stories of the Other Half

BY JACOB A. RIIS

Author of "How the Other Half Lives"

THE THIRD INSTALLMENT

WITH DRAWINGS BY WLADYSLAW BENDA

Life's Best Gift

MARGARET KELLY is dead, and I need not scruple to call her by her own name. For it is certain that she left no kin to mourn her. She did all the mourning herself in her lifetime, and better than that when there was need. She nursed her impetuous Irish father and her gentle English mother in their old age—like the loving daughter she was—and, last of all, her only sister. When she had laid them away, side by side, she turned to face the world alone, undaunted, with all the fighting grit of her people from both sides of the Channel. If troubles came upon her for which she was no match, it can be truly said that she went down fighting. And who of her blood would ask for more?

What I have set down here is almost as much as any one ever heard about her people. She was an old woman when she came in a way of figuring in these pages, and all that lay behind her.

Of her own past this much was known: that she had once been an exceedingly prosperous designer of dresses, with a brown-stone house on Lexington Avenue, and some of the city's wealthiest women for her customers. Carriages with liveried footmen were not rarely seen at her door, and a small army of seamstresses worked out her plans. Her sister was her bookkeeper and the business head of the house. Fair as it seemed, it proved a house of cards, and with the sister's death it fell. One loss followed another. Margaret Kelly knew nothing of money or the ways of business. She lost the house, and with it her fine clients. For a while she made her stand in a flat with the most faithful of her sewing-women to help her. But that also had to go when more money went out than came in and nothing was left for the landlord. Younger rivals crowded her out. She was stamped "old-fashioned," and that was the end of it. Her last friend left her. Worry and perplexity made her ill, and while she was helpless in Bellevue Hospital, being in a ward with no "next friend" on the books, they sent her over to the Island with the paupers. Against this indignity her proud spirit arose and made the body forget its ills. She dragged herself down to the boat that took her back to the city, only to find that her last few belongings were gone, the little hall room she had occupied in a house in Twenty-ninth Street locked against her, and she, at seventy-five, on the street, penniless, and without one who cared for her in all the world.

Yes, there was one. A dressmaker who had known her in happier days saw from her window opposite Father McGlynn's church a white-haired woman seek shelter within the big storm-doors night after night in the bitter cold of midwinter, and recognized in her the once proud and prosperous Miss Kelly. Shocked and grieved, she went to the district office of the Charities with money to pay for shelter and begged them to take the old lady in charge and save her from want.

And what a splendid old lady she was! Famished with the hunger of weeks and months, but with pride undaunted, straight as an arrow under the burden of heavy years, she met the visitor with all the dignity of a queen. The deep lines of suffering in her face grew deeper as she heard her message. She drew the poor black alpaca about her with a gesture as if she were warding off a blow: "Why," she asked, "should any one intrude upon her to offer aid? She had not asked for anything, and was not—" she faltered a bit, but went on resolutely—"did not want anything."

"Not work?" asked her caller, gently. "Would you not like me to find some work for you?"

A sudden light came into the old eyes. "Work—yes, if she could get that—" And then the reserve of the long, lonely years

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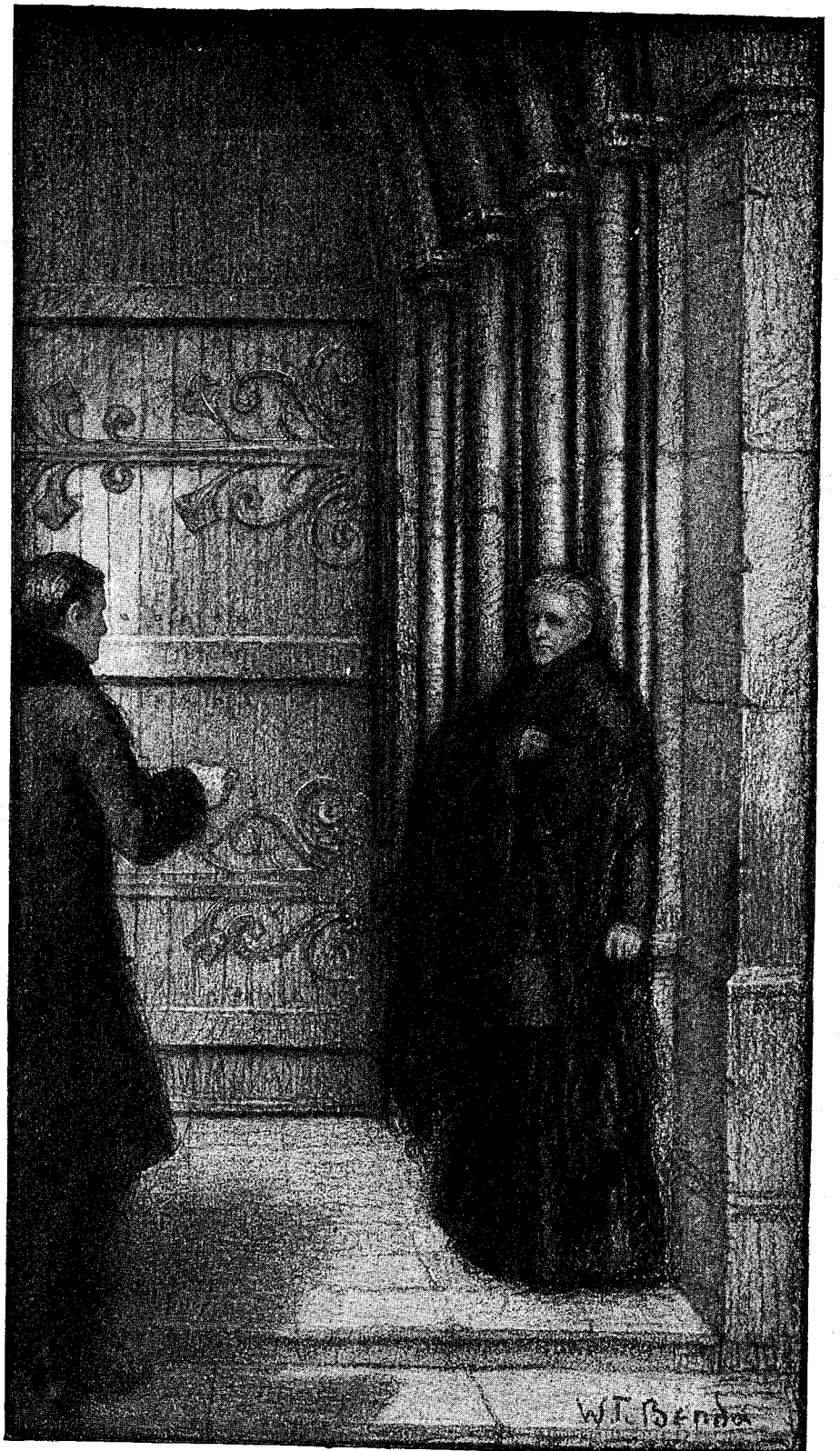

SHE MET THE VISITOR WITH ALL THE DIGNITY OF A QUEEN

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broke down. She buried her face in her hands and wept.

They found her a place to sew in a house where she was made welcome as one of the family. For all that, she went reluctantly. All her stubborn pluck went down before the kindness of these strangers. She was afraid that her hand had lost its cunning, that she could not do justice to what was asked of her, and she stipulated that she should receive only a dollar for her day's work, if she could earn that. When her employer gave her the dollar at the end of the day, the look that came into her face made that woman turn quickly to hide her tears.

The worst of Margaret Kelly's hardships were over. She had a roof over her head, and an "address." If she starved, that was her affair. And slowly she opened her heart to her new friends and gave them room there. I have a letter of that day from one of them that tells how they were getting on: "She has a little box of a room where she almost froze all winter. A window right over her bed and no heat. But she is a great old soldier and never whines. Occasionally she comes to see me, and I give her something to eat, but what she does between times God alone knows. When I give her a little change, she goes to the bake-shop, but I think otherwise goes without and pretends she is not hungry. A business man who knows her told her if she needed nourishment to let him know; she said she did not need anything. Her face looks starvation. When she was ill in the winter, I tried to get her into a hospital; but she would not go, and no wonder. If she had only a couple of dollars a week she could get along, as I could get her clothing. She wears black for her sister."

The couple of dollars were found and the hunger was banished with the homelessness. Margaret Kelly had two days' work every week, and in the feeling that she could support herself once more new life came to her. She was content.

So two years passed. In the second summer the old woman, now nearing eighty, was sent out in the country for a vacation of five or six weeks. She came back strong and happy; the rest and the peace had sunk into her soul. "Some of the tragedy has gone out of her face," her friend wrote to me. She was looking forward with courage to taking up her work again when what seemed an unusual opportunity came her way. A woman who knew her story was going abroad, leaving her home up near Riverside Drive in charge of a caretaker. She desired a companion for her, and offered the place to Miss Kelly. It was so much better a prospect than the cold and cheerless hall room that her friends advised her to accept, and Margaret Kelly moved into the luxurious stone house uptown, and once more was warmly and snugly housed for the winter with congenial company.

Man proposes and God disposes. Along in February came a deadly cold spell. The thermometer fell below zero. In the worst of it Miss Kelly's friend from the "office," happening that way, rang the bell to inquire how she was getting on. No one answered. She knocked at the basement door, but received no reply. Concluding that the two women were in an upper story out of hearing of the bell, she went away, and on her return later in the day tried again, with no better success. It was too cold for the people in the house to be out, and her suspicions were aroused. She went to the police station and returned with help. The door was forced and the house searched. In the kitchen they found the two old women sitting dead by the stove, one with her head upon the other's shoulder. The fire had long been out and their bodies were frozen. There was plenty of fuel in the house. Apparently they had shut off the draught to save coal and raised the lid of the stove, perhaps to enjoy the glow of the fire in the gloaming. The escaping gas had put them both to sleep before they knew their peril.

So the police and the coroner concluded. "Two friends," said the official report. Margaret Kelly had found more than food and shelter. Life at the last had given her its best gift, and her hungry old heart was filled.

Peter

MISS WALD of the Nurses' Settlement told me the story of Peter, and I set it down here as I remember it. She will forgive the slips. Peter has nothing to forgive; rather, he would not have were he alive. He was all to the good for the friendship he gave and took. Looking at it across the years, it seems as if in it were the real Peter. The other, who walked around, was a poor knave of a pretender.

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He came to me with the card of one of our nurses, a lanky, slipshod sort of fellow of nineteen or thereabouts. The nurse had run across him begging in a tenement. When she asked him why he did that, he put a question himself: "Where would a fellow beg if not among the poor?" And now there he stood, indifferent, bored if anything, shiftless, yet with some indefinite appeal, waiting to see what I would do. She had told him that he had better go and see me, and he had come. He had done his part; it was up to me now.

He was a waiter, he said, used to working South in the winter, but it was then too late. He had been ill. He suppressed a little hacking cough that told its own story. He was a "lunger." Did he tramp? Yes, he said, and I noticed that his breath smelled of whisky. He made no attempt to hide the fact.

I explained to him that I might send him to some place in the country where he could get better during the winter, but that it would be so much effort wasted if he drank. He considered a while, and nodded in his curious detached way; he guessed he could manage without it, if he had plenty of hot coffee. The upshot of it was that he accepted my condition and went.

Along in midwinter our door-bell was rung one night, and there stood Peter. "Oh! did you come back? Too bad!" It slipped out before I had time to think. But Peter bore with me. He smiled reassurance. "I did not run away. The place burned down; we were sent back."

It was true; I remembered. But the taint of whisky was on his breath. "You have been drinking again," I fretted. "You spent your money for that—"

"No," said he; "a man treated me."

"And did you have to take whisky?"

There was no trace of resentment in his retort: "Well, now, what would he have said if I'd took milk?" It was as one humoring a child.

He went South on a waiter job. From St. Augustine he sent me a letter that ended: "Write me in care of the post-office; it is the custom of the town to get your letters there." Likely it was the first time in his life that he had had a mail address. "This is a very nice place," ran his comment on the old Spanish town, "but for business give me New York."

The *Wanderlust* gripped Peter, and I heard from him next in the Southwest. For years letters came from him at long intervals, showing that he had not forgotten me. Once another tramp called on me with greeting from him and a request for shoes. When "business" next took Peter to New York and he called, I told him that I valued his acquaintance, but did not care for that of many more tramps. He knew the man at once.

THERE HE STOOD, INDIFFERENT, BORED IF ANYTHING, SHIFTLESS

"Oh," he said, "isn't he a rotter? I didn't think he would do that." They were tramping in Colorado, he explained, and one night the other man told him of his mother. Peter, in the intimacy of the camp-fire, spoke of me. The revelation of the other's baseness was like the betrayal of some sacred rite. I would not have liked to be in the man's place when next they met, if they ever did.

Some months passed, and then one day a

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message came from St. Joseph's Home: "I guess I am up against it this time." He did not want to trouble me, but would I come and say good-by? I went at once. Peter was dying, and he knew it. Sitting by his bed, my mind went back to our first meeting—perhaps his did too—and I said: "You have been real decent several times, Peter. You must have come of good people; don't you want me to find them for you?" He didn't seem to care very much, but at last he gave me the address in Boston of his only sister. But she had moved, and it was a long and toilsome task to find her. In the end, however, a friend located her for me. She was a poor Irish dressmaker, and Peter's old father lived with her. She wrote in answer to my summons that they would come, if Peter wanted them very much, but that it would be a sacrifice. He had always been their great trial—a born tramp and idler.

Peter was chewing a straw when I told him. I had come none too soon. His face told me that. He heard me out in silence. When I asked if he wanted me to send for them, he stopped chewing a while and ruminated.

"They might send me the money instead," he decided, and resumed his straw.

Driven from Home

"DOCTOR, what shall I do? My father wants me to tend bar on Sunday. I am doing it nights, but Sunday—I don't want to. What shall I do?"

The pastor of Olivet Church looked kindly at the lad who stood before him, cap in hand. The last of the Sunday-school had trailed out; the boy had waited for this opportunity. Dr. Schauffler knew and liked him as one of his bright boys. He knew, too, his home—the sordid, hard-fisted German father and his patient, long-suffering mother.

"What do you think yourself, Karl?"

"I don't want to, Doctor. I know it is wrong."

"All right then, don't."

"But he will kick me out and never take me back. He told me so, and he'll do it."

"Well—"

The boy's face flushed. At fourteen, to decide between home and duty is not easy. And there was his mother. Knowing him, the Doctor let him fight it out alone. Presently he squared his shoulders as one who has made his choice.

"I can't help it if he does," he said; "it isn't right to ask me."

"If he does, come straight here. Good-by!"

Sunday night the door-bell of the pastor's study rang sharply. The Doctor laid down his book and answered it himself. On the threshold stood Karl with a small bundle done up in a bandana handkerchief.

"Well, I am fired," he said.

"Come in, then. I'll see you through."

The boy brought in his bundle. It contained a shirt, three collars, and a pair of socks, hastily gathered up in his retreat. The doctor hefted it.

"Going light," he smiled. "Men fight better for it sometimes. Great battles have been won without baggage trains."

The boy looked soberly at his all.

"I have got to win now, Doctor. Get me a job, will you?"

Things moved swiftly with Karl from that Sunday. Monday morning saw him at work as errand-boy in an office, earning enough for his keep at the boarding-house where his mother found him at times when his father was alone keeping bar. That night he registered at the nearest evening school to complete his course. The Doctor kept a grip on his studies, as he had promised, and saw him through. It was not easy sledding, but it was better than the smelly saloon. From the public school he graduated into the Cooper Institute, where his teachers soon took notice of the wide-awake lad. Karl was finding himself. He took naturally to the study of languages, and threw himself into it with all the ardor of an army marching without baggage train to meet an enemy. He had "got to win," and he did. All the while he earned his living working as a clerk by day—with very little baggage yet to boast of—and sitting up nights with his books. When he graduated from the Institute, the battle was half won.

The other half he fought on his own ground, with the enemy's tents in sight. His attainments procured for him a place in the Lenox Library, where his opportunity for reading was limited only by his ambition. He made American history and literature his special study, and in the course of time achieved great distinction in his field. "And they were married and lived happily ever after" might by right be added to his story. He did marry an East Side girl who had been his

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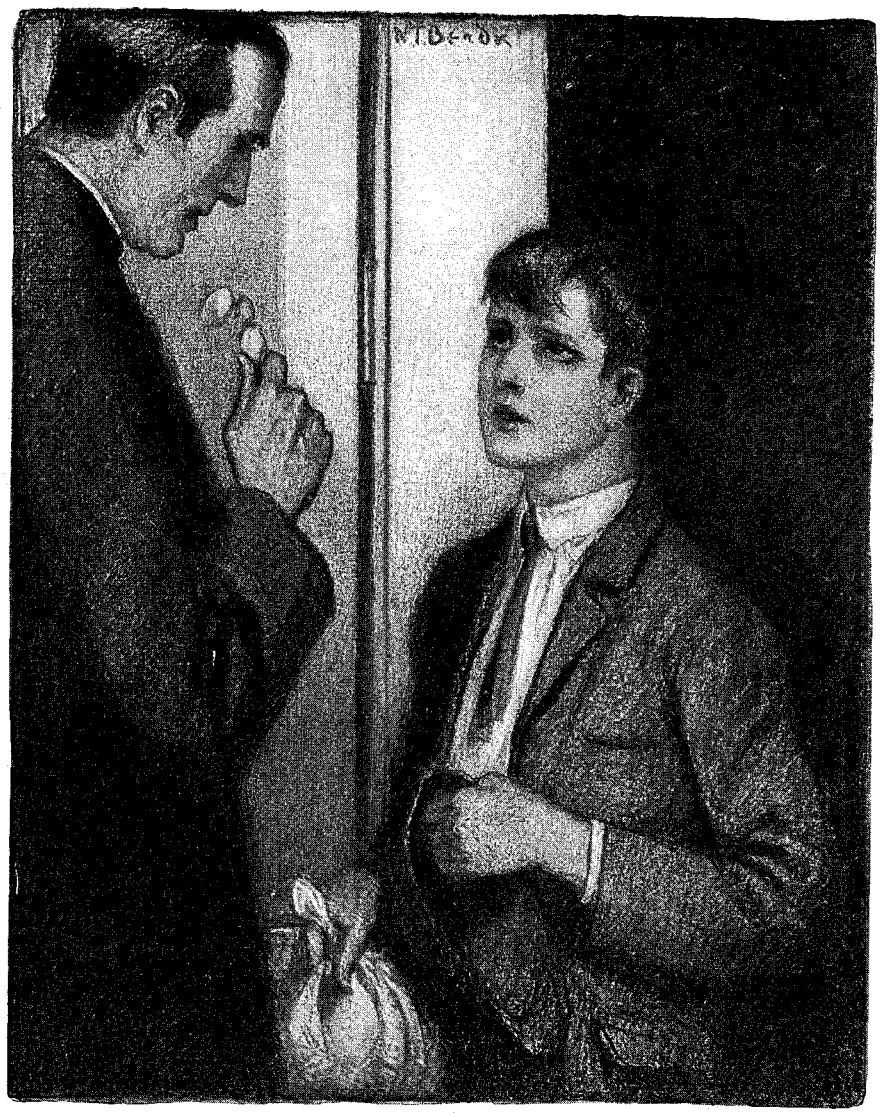

THE PASTOR OF OLIVET CHURCH LOOKED KINDLY AT THE LAD WHO STOOD BEFORE HIM, CAP IN HAND

sweetheart while he was fighting his uphill battle, and they have to-day two daughters attending college.

It is the drawback to these stories that, being true, they must respect the privacy of their heroes. If that were not so, I should tell you that this hero's name is not Karl, but one much better befitting his fight and his victory; that he was chosen historian of his home State, and held the office with credit until spoils politics thrust him aside, and that he lives to-day in the capital city of another State, an authority whose word is not lightly questioned on any matter pertaining to Americana. That is the record of the East Side boy who was driven from home for refusing to tend bar in his father's saloon on Sunday because it was not right.

He never saw his father again. He tried more than once, but the door of his home was barred against him. Not with his mother's consent; in long after years, when once again Dr. Schauffler preached at Olivet, a little German woman came up after the sermon and held out her hand to him.

"You made my Karl a man," she said.

"No," replied the preacher, soberly, "God made him."

The next installment of these "Life Stories" will appear in The Outlook for February 22

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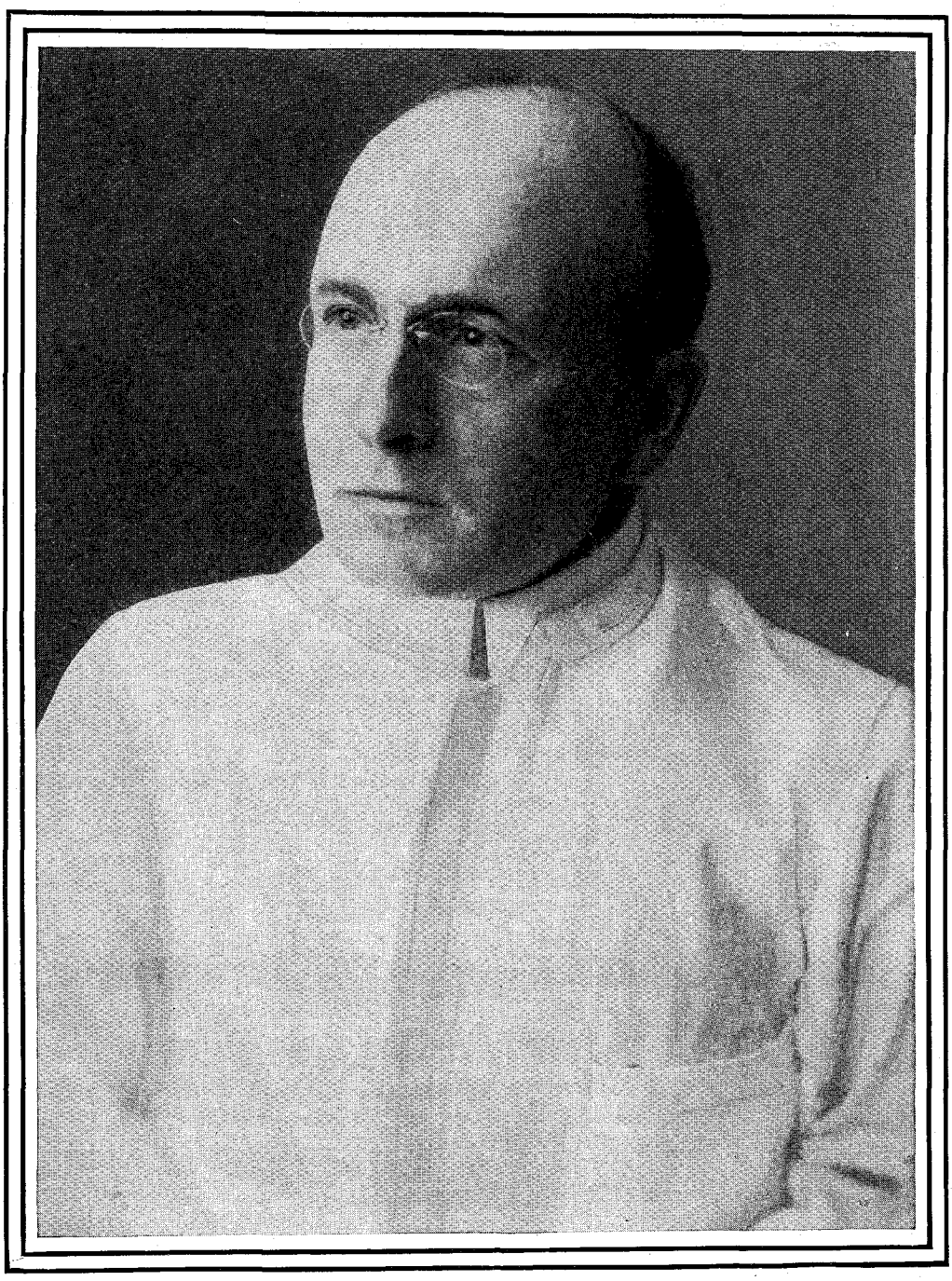

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL THOMPSON

DR. ALEXIS CARREL

In his laboratory at the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research

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The Recent Work of Alexis Carrel

LONG experience has made men engaged in medical research chary of announcing the results of their experiments as long as those experiments are continuing.

The scientist will look at that work scientifically and recognize its limitation. The layman, on the other hand, is interested in its practical bearing, and is eager to see in the tentative conclusions of a laboratory experimenter some great boon or some sensational and revolutionary discovery.

This tendency on the part of the public to misunderstand statements concerning scientific research is increased by at least two factors. In the first place, a great deal of such scientific work can be reported accurately only in technical language, for there are conditions, properties, materials, elements, processes, and even living things for which there are no names in the ordinary vocabulary. The translation of these technical terms into the language of ordinary life, like any other translation, is in almost every case bound to be inaccurate. In the second place, the newspaper press, just because its function is to report the news, selects that which is interesting, startling, unusual, and provocative of wonder to report, and leaves out those qualifying matters which tend to deprive the rest of its news value, but are as important to the scientist as any other factor.

In ordinary scientific matters this is not of the gravest concern; but in all that relates to medicine and surgery it is of the greatest moment. There is no form of cruelty more subtle than that of needlessly raising in the minds of those who are stricken with disease or with injury fruitless expectation.

With regard to this, the physician and surgeon is rightly sensitive. It is on such fruitless expectation that the quack and charlatan rely in order to ply their wicked trade. In the old days when men resorted to magic and necromancy in order to banish bodily ill, the magician and so-called medicine-man had great power over men's minds and lives. It was a power based on human hopes and fears. It is contrary to the public welfare that anything of this sort should be revived, and no one is so certain of this as the conscientious physician or surgeon, and, above all, the man who is engaged in scientific research in that great field which is known as experimental medicine. Against everything which tends to revive the evils of ancient magic in the name of science, all medical men worthy of their profession are immovably set. That is why such caution is exercised in relation to the whole field of scientific medical research.

Some experiments, however, are of such a nature that it is impossible for public interest in them not to become aroused. The past fifty years have witnessed such extraordinary revelations concerning the world we live in that any experiments which indicate discoveries concerning the structure of this world, and particularly concerning the structure and processes of life, seem to belong to that part of knowledge that has already been appropriated by the public as within its field of interest.

Such has been the work of Dr. Alexis Carrel.

Recently, as the readers of The Outlook know, Dr. Carrel received the Nobel prize in medicine for his achievements in the laboratory. This very fact made Dr. Carrel in one sense a great public character, and gave added reason for public interest in his work and public desire to know what his achievements were. Some account of these achievements has already been given in The Outlook. It has been told how he has, paradoxically, kept alive portions of dead animals, and how he has thus demonstrated that, though a creature may die, its organs may still continue to live and to function. Thus a being may be said to be overcome by general death, which puts an end to that being as a distinctive and separate creature, and yet not be subjected to what is known as elemental death that brings to an end the life of its tissues.

Dr. Carrel's work, however, has been even more fundamental than this; for he has been experimenting with the cells of which the tissues of these organs are composed. He has not only kept alive the organs of an animal apart from the body of that animal, but he has kept alive the cells apart from the organs which those cells originally composed. More than this, he has not only kept these cells alive, but he has shown that they can grow in this separate existence. He has

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done this by immersing such cells in plasma, which may in untechnical terms be called the nutriment on which the cell lives. More even than that—he has been able to make these cells grow more rapidly by mixing with this plasma in which the cells are placed certain extracts derived from the tissues. With this mixture of plasma and what he himself calls tissue juice he has performed many experiments. As a result of these varying experiments he has found that these cells will grow at a certain rate when in the normal plasma, but when subjected to certain of these processes will grow with much greater rapidity. In the "Journal of Experimental Medicine" of January 1, 1913, he has reported at some length certain of the effects of these experiments which he has noted. "It is certain," he writes, "that tissue juices have the power to activate *in vitro* the growth of connective tissue." In other words, on the glass slide of the microscope the cells of connective tissue are made to grow more rapidly by this tissue juice than they otherwise would. He has varied the conditions and has found certain factors which promoted active growth more rapidly than others.

For instance, he found that the "activating power" was more marked when the extracts were not diluted; that it was more marked when the extracts from the tissues of a certain animal were applied to the cells of the same species of animal than when applied to cells of another species. He found that he could accelerate the growth of some tissues from about three to forty times. He found that extracts from certain tissues were more effective than the extracts of others. He had discovered that the extract made from the tissues of the embryo produced more rapid growth than other extracts, as, for example, that made from the spleen, kidney, and heart of the adult, and this rapid growth could be accelerated by processes to which he subjected it.

All this experimentation has not arisen suddenly. It has followed the experiments of other scientists. Dr. Carrel acknowledges his indebtedness to Professor Jacques Loeb, to Professor Harrison, of Yale, and to his own collaborator, Dr. Burrows.

It has been intimated that these discoveries will lead to a method of treating wounds which will greatly accelerate the process of healing. It is at just this point that the layman's interest becomes accentuated; and it is at just this point that Dr. Carrel's own cautionary words should be quoted: "Possibly the finding of the activating power of tissue extracts will have no immediate practical application."

A Railway Regulator

FRANKLIN K. LANE, who has just been elected Chairman of the Inter-State Commerce Commission for 1913, is a good example of the type of Government official who takes office not to serve himself but to serve the public. At every Presidential election there is a hue and cry about the horde of hungry office-seekers who crowd up to get an advantageous place at the public trough. Doubtless there is too much of this kind of office-seeking, but there is also no doubt that scores of hundreds of men—and women too, for that matter—are more and more going into the civil service of the Government prompted by the same motive that sends most of the cadets to West Point—partly to make a career for themselves, but chiefly because they want to serve their country. The new Chairman, a California Democrat, was appointed to the Inter-State Commerce Commission in 1905 by President Roosevelt. He has made good. His record during the last seven years for administrative efficiency and intellectual ability has been such that he has received many offers of positions for the private practice of his profession—the law—which would give him an income several times the amount of his salary as Commissioner, but he has declined them all because he believes that the work of the Inter-State Commerce Commission is of real importance to the public welfare.

Mr. Lane was born forty-eight years ago

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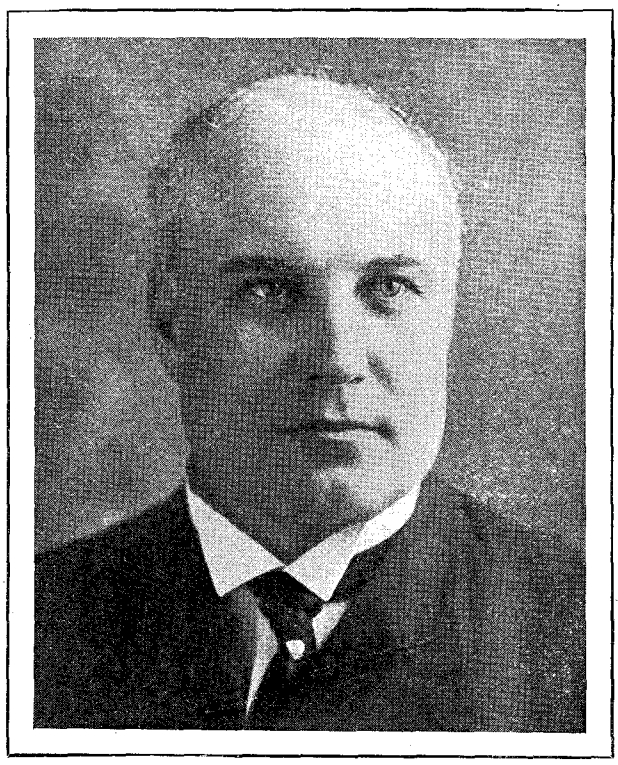

FRANKLIN K. LANE
The new Chairman of the Inter-State Commerce Commission

in Prince Edward Island, but was taken as a very small child to California. He was a student at the University of California, became a newspaper man, studied law, and was elected in 1899 City Attorney of San Francisco, in which office he was one of the pioneers in the reform movement which finally culminated in the prosecution of the notorious Ruef. In 1902 he was candidate for Governor on the Democratic ticket and came very close to election.

As a member of the Inter-State Commerce Commission he has been a hard worker and a clear thinker. In political philosophy and principles he is thoroughly progressive. In the methods by which he applies those principles he is practical and temperate. He does not believe that because the old school of railway men said "The public be damned" that the public should now turn on the railways and say "The railways be damned."

Although temperate in his methods, and although fully recognizing the great services which the railways perform, Commissioner Lane has never hesitated to attack the evils of railway management without fear or favor. The recent reforms in the methods of the private express companies are in large part due to him, and he wrote the original report on the Southern Pacific and Union Pacific merger, which has finally led to the success of the Government suit in the Supreme Court for a dissolution of these two great railway systems.

In speaking of his work recently to the writer of these lines Commissioner Lane said: "I like to think of myself as doing real constructive work which makes for a more wholesome relationship between the public and the carriers." It would be difficult to get a better brief definition of the function of the Inter-State Commerce Commission or a better insight into the official character of its new Chairman.

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THE SPECTATOR

THE moving-picture shows, to which the Spectator confesses himself reasonably addicted, are at a stage comparable to that of the Elizabethan drama. They are coming to be respectable as the world learns their capabilities. Some of them are still marred by the interspersion of features to catch the groundlings, but the Spectator looks forward to a day of deliverance from garish ballads and vaudeville, to a development of the legitimate drama of the eye. Indeed, he has recently seen more than one show that hints the wonders in store for us—the visions of beauty, of romance, of historic re-creation of science, of—who will presume to set a limit to the possibilities of the fascinating art? But it is not the Spectator's purpose to write even the most charming of prospectuses in the Mother Shipton vein. He is conscious of a peculiar charm in the camera drama, and it is of this he would speak. The phrase that most quickly conveys this impression is "music of vision."

As the Spectator recently saw unrolled before him the picture-play of "Queen Elizabeth" as acted by Sarah Bernhardt and her company he was conscious that the absence of words was a distinct advantage. He does not pretend that the illusion was perfect, but he does assert that it was better than in the spoken drama. Could the Spectator have looked into a magic mirror, so might these Elizabethans have passed before him; but to believe in their speaking in our modern style is so great an effort that there can be no reality conveyed. And so it is in music. Wagner's notes can people the air with the troop of galloping Valkyrie, but no hippodromic performance of women and steeds can better his magic. It is the old paradox anew—that realism is the child of the consistently unreal. The idealistic picture moves more than does the hybrid cyclorama. Where paint merges into real earth and twigs we know that neither is what it seems.

It happened that in the same afternoon the Spectator saw the repetition of a picture-play at a different playhouse. It had to do with a locomotive chase, and in one case the conscientious orchestra man thought it wise to add his mite of realism by a fair imitation of the "choo-choo-choo" which the unerring instinct of childhood has given us as the voice of the iron horse. The immediate result for the Spectator was to distract his attention from the pictured locomotive and to fix it on the far less interesting "choo-choo" man. At the other playhouse he of the "choo" was absent, and no more missed than an uninvited guest.

All distractions of attention are drawbacks to any work of art—with the Spectator's humble apologies to the makers of elaborate gilt frames for masterpieces of painting—and at a moving-picture show nothing should be admissible except the interpretative music that speaks to the ear the same language that the pictures are addressing to the eye.

It will not be long (if the Spectator be a true seer) before these vision theaters have educated us all to be *skilled* spectators—to be ready readers of expression and gesture. There is to be a revival of the true mimes, and, with them, of their public. Some signs of this we have already, for it is said that the trained actors of the moving-picture companies declare that they do not fear the stars of the "legitimate" stage, since these have not learned that language of pure action upon which the former pride themselves. And indeed the Spectator believes this, for even the great Sarah herself seemed to him to overdo her gesturing as he compared her with some of the able women who make one forget that speech is the normal accompaniment of incident. Bernhardt did not seem to let the lookers-on forget that she must gesture because she could not speak, and her hands seemed never still. She was like a foreigner in that photograph land, making motions because she had not learned the language. Possibly this was due to her not yet having learned what the skilled vision-actor knows—that the mouth must say even the unheard words, or we shall suspect that the scene is not reality.

In brief, the Spectator thinks that the action in these plays should be presented just as it is seen by him who is stone-deaf. All attempts to give accompanying sounds are

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bad in art—only permissible in the farcical or humorous fields where illusion is of no moment.

There are some things the Spectator hopes he may live to see in their screen images. One is some attempt to show the solar system in motion—sun, planets, moons—all in accelerated movements that will give some realization of their appointed courses. If this is yet done, the Spectator has not learned of it, and he cannot see that it is not feasible. Another is the building of a great vessel or cathedral compressed into a time brief enough for the mind to grasp the wonder of the work.

But, awaiting these, the Spectator confesses that he loves the simpler joys that are his for a dime. He admits a most childlike faith in the fortunes of Cinderella and her prince, a hearty mirth over runaway stovepipe hats, and a romantic delight when the girl of the Lighthouse Rock wins the heart of the shipwrecked millionaire. The Spectator has always loved pictures, and he is devoutly thankful that they have come to life, even though, like all things living, they unfold infinite possibilities of both good and evil. Just as letters have softened the hearts of men, neither "permitted them to be wild," so will the picture-drama increase the human sympathy that is the foundation on which are raised all the social virtues.

"Light out of darkness" has come to have a new meaning since the advent of the cinematograph, and the Spectator begs for the art the good will and co-operation of all, to the end that this new avenue into the soul shall become what it should be—a path of sweetness and light.

A BOOK A WEEK

"THE Inn of Tranquillity" is an inviting title in itself. Mr. John Galsworthy's new volume of impressions, meditations, and character-sketches (Scribners) is tranquil in manner at least, although it indicates a spirit far from complaisantly satisfied with society as it is. Somewhere Mr. Galsworthy once said that democracy "offers the spectacle of a man running down a road followed at a more and more respectful distance by his own soul." These essays and glimpses at life do not form a battle-cry to social revolution, but they are infused with a large sympathy for human needs, gently expressed and phrased with fine literary artistry.

Perhaps in these slighter and simpler writings the heart and purpose of the brilliant novelist and dramatist are closer to the surface than in his larger, more complicated studies of motive and action. And right here it may be interesting to readers who have asked what Mr. Galsworthy does believe in to note that in response to an American interviewer he lately positively declared that he is not a Socialist in the political sense, because he does not believe that State control is either achievable or desirable if it could be achieved. That he is profoundly dissatisfied with many modern social conditions needs no proof to any one who has seen or read his plays "Justice" or "The Pigeon." Mr. Bernard Shaw (whom one compares with Mr. Galsworthy only because they are so different, temperamentally and in personal attitude) seems to stand off and jeer sardonically at humanity. "What a wretched mess you have got into!" he seems to say. "How are you going to get out of it? Better drop the whole thing and start over again." On the contrary, Mr. Galsworthy is saddened by what he finds, but sees hope and seriousness in all human effort. In this very sketch which gives title to his book, he lies on the grass and mourns that the Americanized owner of the "Osteria di Tranquilitá" in his billy-cock hat is proud of his intention of changing that charmful tavern-name to "The Anglo-American Hotel," of making an up-to-date hotel, and of wedding the gramophone and the skittle alley to the "thin sweet singing of the olive leaves in the evening wind." But he finds comfort in the idea of progress and continuity. He even proves the rightness of the world's lurid

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contrasts, as he quaintly says, "from my friend in the billy-cock hat up to the Universe, and from the Universe down, back again to my friend," and reaches the final conclusion—and here is the contrast with Shaw—"Love you cannot help, and hate you cannot help, but contempt is, for you, the sovereign idiocy, the irreligious fancy."

There is a division of these slight but delicately wrought papers into those "Concerning Life" and those "Concerning Letters." Some are merely impressions, others are in the nature of human parables. These last have the attraction of dialogue, action and reaction of character upon character and situation, so easily managed by this practiced writer of novels and plays that he slips insensibly from one form of writing to another, where the average essayist would stumble stiffly about. In the first division, apart from the "Inn of Tranquillity" itself, which has a freshness and a sweetness like those of Daudet's "Letters from My Mill," one singles out for appreciation "Quality," the pathetic story of an old German bootmaker. He was one who felt the sacredness of good work, who said of his lowly trade, 'Id is an Ardt," and who even saw before him the "Soul of Boot." He went down before hustling, greedy, scamping methods of trade, but in him, without a word of preaching or a line of over-emphasis, there is felt rather than read a perfect lesson of conscientiousness, integrity, and persistence.

In the other division of the book, "A Novelist's Allegory," stupid old Cethru has been given by the Prince of Felicitas a lanthorn and told to go up and down the Vita Publica that men may see what is there. He makes a great nuisance of himself because rats and filth and evil are unpleasantly conspicuous, and is indicted, charged with anarchy and rebellion, "in that willfully he doth disturb good citizens by showing to them without provocation disagreeable sights, and doth moreover endanger the laws by causing persons to desire to change them." Cethru's advocate's defense is a defense of truth-telling. "What in the world is so dear as this power to see, whether it be the beautiful or the foul that is disclosed?" What if the lanthorn "seem to cloud and sadden those things which are fair because of the deep instincts of harmony and justice planted in the human heart?" In short, old Cethru and the modern light-bearer in story and play, and most particularly, we opine, the author of this delightful book, must bear their lanthorns high and show things as they are; social justice will not come to-day or to-morrow; but only by plain looking at things as they are will it come at all.

THE NEW BOOKS

Humanities in the Education of the Future and Other Addresses (The). By William Baxter Owen, Ph.D., Litt.D. Sherman, French & Co., Boston. $1.25.

Twenty addresses and papers are included in this volume under the title of the first in the series. Some of them deal with various features of the life of a vigorous small college, some with general problems of education; others are commemorative of distinguished educators, and others are on miscellaneous topics. One on simplified spelling courageously defies gainsayers by putting a strong argument for it in concrete form with the spelling recommended by the reformers. A strong ethical and religious note recurs frequently in these interesting and judicious papers.

Lucky Pehr. By August Strindberg. Stewart & Kidd Company, Cincinnati. $1.50.

Strindberg's eccentric genius is as foreign to the spirit of America as the morbid grotesques of the post- (perhaps by this time it is post-post) impressionists, and his brilliant pathological dramas have quite as direct a relation to actual life as the work of that latest and least comprehensible of cults. Lucky Pehr is a wolf in sheep's clothing, a social satire masquerading as a fairy play. For the satirist who has faith in better things, who attacks disease because he believes in health, the world has room and to spare. For the satirist who wields his scalpel with the intent of showing that humanity bleeds nothing but sawdust, there is little excuse. It may be urged in objection to this characterization of the purpose of Lucky Pehr that the play has a "happy" ending. It is quite true that at the close of the last act Strindberg's face does seem to flicker into a pale and tight-lipped smile. As news that his execution had been postponed because of a broken dynamo would be to a condemned

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prisoner, so is this happy ending to the reader of "Lucky Pehr."

Authoritative Life of General William Booth. By C. S. Railton. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.

The object of this memoir is to note some of the things that a truly great man did and said, which made him a power for the good of his fellow-men. Most of it is a reproduction of his sayings and writings to his devoted followers. It is written from the standpoint of the successors on whom his work has devolved, and with the purpose of promoting its expansion. It includes a few of the tributes to his memory by the European press, and chapters on the financial system, the organization, and the spirit of the Salvation Army. This spirit of wholehearted consecration to a divine service was thus expressed in the words of its General: "I made up my mind that God Almighty should have all there was of William Booth." The volume is illustrated with portraits.

Japanese Nation, Its Land, Its Life, and Its People (The). By Inazo Nitobe, A.M., Ph.D., LL.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.50.

The interchange of lectures on Japan in America by Dr. Inazo Nitobe and in Japan on America by Hamilton Wright Mabie gives special point to the publication of the text of Dr. Nitobe's lectures. They were delivered before university audiences, among them being those of Johns Hopkins, Columbia, Brown, Virginia, Illinois, Minnesota, and Leland Stanford Universities. It must have been a peculiar pleasure for Dr. Nitobe to address his Johns Hopkins audience, for he is a graduate of that university; and it must have been with peculiar satisfaction that he addressed any American audience, for he has married an American lady. Dr. Nitobe is President of the First National College of Japan. He is also a professor in the Imperial University at Tokyo. The present volume, therefore, reflects, in a not over-vivacious style, it is true, the well-matured thought of one who, having been a teacher in his own country, becomes a teacher in ours. The book is valuable for reference, for it is imbued with Japanese history and ideas, interpreted by one who has had a cosmopolitan training and a familiarity with the traditions of other lands.

Social Life in Old New Orleans. By Eliza Ripley. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.50.

It is possible in this age of miracles that the present generation may achieve old ladies corresponding to the kind our grandmothers were—but, frankly, it is quite unbelievable. Mrs. Ripley in a series of chapters on "Social Life in Old New Orleans" discloses in an absolutely charming fashion her girlhood surroundings in the forties. Entirely at ease, she sits in her big chair, smiling, or sobered by memories, and tells her delighted listeners most interesting details of the life of her day. A merry twinkle is never far from her bright eyes, nor is the wit of her tongue out of reach when she is moved to pungent comment upon men and women of either the long past or the present. Those of us who have been blessed with brilliant grandmothers and mothers will enjoy these lively pages and often exclaim over a familiar phrase or quiver at the keen thrust of memory. Mrs. Ripley participated in the old New Year's Day, when all the old gentlemen hobbled about to make their annual call and fortify themselves with brandy or whisky straight from the sideboard (not *buffet*) in the dining-room. The young beaux, in tightly strapped pantaloons, and with "as mincing a gait as the girl in the present-day hobble skirt," bestowed *cornets* of candy upon the young ladies and were plied with too many and too varied egg-nogs. General E. P. Gaines in his high stiff stock (about which an audacious comment is made), Major Waters, whose "bald spot" was veiled by two long strands of sandy hair held by a side-comb, General Smith and Major Messiah, all called on the receiving ladies in New Orleans. Old songs, old daguerreotypes, old wedding customs, with precise dancing-masters and deportment guides, throng these sprightly pages—from the pretty portrait of the author at twenty-two to the lovely photograph of her in her old age. Civil War time is touched upon, and privations and loss are chronicled with a merry turn to livelier themes. The children, grandchildren, and "their children to come" are to be congratulated upon the dedication to them of this rich record of a full life—the life of a lady who was never aware that her claim to her social position required the least reinforcement from any quarter whatever. May there be many sympathetic souls who will enter into her spirit with joy, and may there also be many who, being almost hopelessly modern, may catch some glimpse of the essential wit, independence, and broad humanity of the writer, and return to better standards than they find too often in our restless, crowded, selfish city life.

Things I Can Tell. By Lord Rossmore. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $3.50.

There would seem to be little demand for the publication of a book—jolly and gay as it is—comprising so much naïve and trivial information as that contained in Lord Rossmore's volume. But there may be many readers—especially among ingenuous folk, social climbers, and the light-minded—who may relish this sort of thing.

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BY THE WAY

Russia is associated in the minds of most Americans with ice, snow, wind-swept steppes, etc. But, according to a trade paper, "Dry Goods," the Russian Minister of Agriculture is taking measures to introduce the culture of cotton on a large scale in Turkestan; and the same authority states that fifty per cent of the cotton used in Russia is already produced within the Empire.

A tower 970 feet high is being erected at Nauen, Germany, for use in wireless telegraphy. It is expected to have a radius of 6,000 miles.

A silver potato ring was among the gifts at the recent wedding of the daughter of John Redmond, the Irish Parliamentary leader. The potato ring, it is said, was commonly used on the Irish dinner table in the eighteenth century as a support for the big wooden bowl which held the *pièce de resistance* of the family dinner—the potatoes. In well-to-do families the ring was of silver, and was passed on as an heirloom.

It isn't often that a marine annalist describes waves as "mountainous," but that term was used in the Carmania's log for January 3, the worst day of a tempestuous voyage. The general restraint of a ship's log is, however, maintained in such expressions as "moderate gale," "strong gale," "whole gale," and, as a climax, "storm with hurricane squalls." The simple strength of "whole gale" should attract the attention of literary landsmen.

Many of the early American poets found themes in Indian legends. Some of them outgrew these themes—as, for instance, Whittier, who tried to suppress his early effort in this direction, "Mogg Megone." The collectors, however—or therefore—value this poem highly, and a copy of it brought $50 at a recent library sale.

The high cost of living involves the high cost of implements of destruction. Battle-ships, which until recently cost about $10,000,000 apiece, will now, according to Chief Constructor Richard M. Watt, involve an expenditure of about $15,000,000 each. Increased tonnage as well as the general advance in prices enters into the greater cost.

The International Typographical Union provides a home for its aged and infirm members, and, according to a circular sent to the press, it is the only trade union which does this. It certainly ought to have imitators. The printers' home is in Colorado Springs; the institution has cost a million dollars for buildings and equipment, and since its founding it has cost another million for maintenance.

The country's gold output for the year 1912, according to the Geological Survey's report, was $5,000,000 less than for 1911. If the high cost of living is due to the low cost of gold, owing to the increased supply during recent years, this is a step in the right direction.

In his entertaining book about "The Fetish Folk of West Africa" Mr. R. H. Milligan says, in a chapter on African Music: "There is no doubt that music is the art-form of the Negro. He is the most musical person living. His entire emotional life he utters in song. He has not yet done any great thing. His day is still future. But I believe that when he comes, he will come singing."

Mr. Milligan advances the somewhat novel idea that there is beauty in the Negro type of physiognomy; he says: "The African physiognomy is consistent with itself. There is regularity in the violence of its changes; and may not this also constitute beauty to an accustomed eye? It is certain that there is in such a face the possibility of an extraordinary expression of grandeur and moral force."

The Mexican War sounds like ancient history to most of us to-day, but three army officers who served in that war still survive. They are: Brigadier-General H. C. Gibson, Lieutenant-Colonel A. B. Kauffman, and Major William Fletcher. A fourth, General Robert Murray, passed away in Baltimore on January 1.

The American love of the superlative has an amusing illustration in Samuel M. Crothers's recent book, "Humanly Speaking." Dr. Crothers had been traveling through a region in which everything was advertised as the biggest in the world. He finally reached a seemingly sleepy little place where he thought to find only contented mediocrity. But when he sat down to write a letter on the hotel stationery he was confronted with the statement: "This is the biggest little hotel in the State"!

In 1910, says a writer in the "Railway Age Gazette," the twenty-one divisions of the Pennsylvania Railroad wrote and forwarded 2,700,000 letters. Now, through the co-ordination of various departments, this enormous correspondence has been reduced 20 per cent, approximately 540,000 fewer letters being written.

The United States is the world's largest producer of motion picture film, and a good share of its product is exported—more than sixty million feet in 1912. Three-fourths of the film exported went to Great Britain.

Atlantic City, New Jersey, has a woman Comptroller, Miss B. M. Townsend, who is said to be the first woman to hold such a position in any city in the country. She took the place of a City Comptroller who was removed from office on charges.

A "swell" chop suey restaurant in New York City has on its bill of fare one dish the price of which is twenty-five dollars. It is explained, however, that one portion of "Foony Wong Yin" contains enough for five persons. An order for this Celestial delicacy must be placed a day in advance.

Describing a recent interview with Professor Haeckel at his home in Jena, a contributor to the "International" says: "When he hobbles in to meet you, your admiration melts in a wholesome warmth. As he takes your hand you may help him over to the long sofa on which he is forced to recline since his fall from a bookshelf a few years ago, that has made it impossible for him to walk alone and very difficult for him to work. His fine gray eyes glint expectantly in the center of the great masses of white hair that surround his face; and all is serene and beautiful."

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